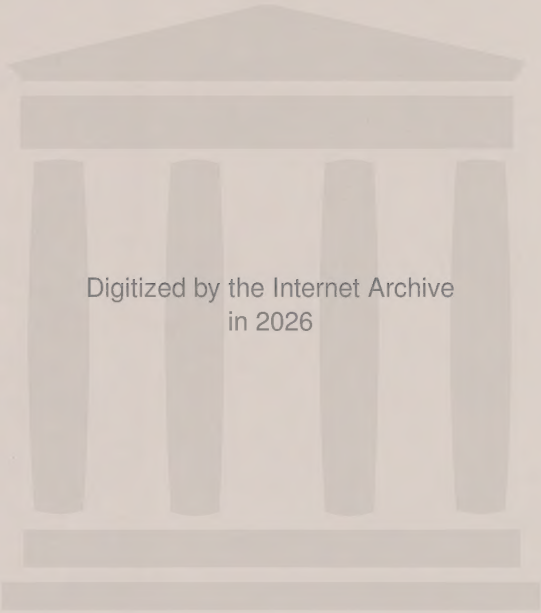
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SONGS FROM THE TRENCHES

by

SONGS FROM THE TRENCHES

The Soul of the A. E. F.

A collection of verses by
American Soldiers in France
brought together by

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

from Poems submitted in
The Prize Competition of
THE NEW YORK HERALD

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SONGS FROM THE TRENCHES

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To

The Memory of

ALAN SEEGER

The First American Soldier Poet

who gave his life in France

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FOREWORD

In these poems, chosen from the thousand submitted in the *New York Herald's* recent Literary Competition, we get a glimpse of the soul of the American Expeditionary Force. Our boys in France have the sense of color, the impulse to sing, and the ability to interpret what they see. These qualities justify giving permanent form to their verse. But the little book is more than a collection of poems, a few of which are brilliant and all of which are interesting. It is a message from the American soldiers abroad to the home folks, written on the decks of transports, in French villages, in muddy camps, in the trenches, beside cannon or camion, in hospitals. Each writer speaks for thousands of his fellows. And the form of the message is that which youth loves to employ in framing the thoughts of the heart.

The publishers will turn over the royalties to the funds for widows and orphans of seamen who lost their lives in transporting the American Expeditionary Force. The permission to reproduce ten of the poems was given by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who acquired their copyright through the awards in the Literary Competition. The other poems are contributed by their writers.

The compiler desires to express his thanks to Messrs. Price, Westlake, and Hawkins, who formed with him the *New York Herald's* jury, and to Mrs. Margaret Deland, Mrs. Helen Davenport Gibbons, and Miss Rachel W. Latta, who helped select the poems for the volume.

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS.

PARIS, *Easter, 1918.*

Paris, March 15, 1918.

To the Editor of the New York Herald.

Dear Sir,—The Herald, having mobilized a battalion of poets, may not play the censor and withhold from its readers the beauties suggested by the alluring titles of twenty-two poems, assuredly of a high order. My dear young countryman, in whose "singing heart" was pent the music of his soaring verse, has deeply stirred another—voiceless, its strings yet vibrant to the message of "Facing the Shadows." Our boys having proved the temper of their pens, preluding knightly deeds, shall not their songs be printed in a book dedicate to their glorious forerunner, Alan Seeger? This for the weal of them hurt and dispossessed to the greater glory of the demoniac Kaiser.

TE JUDICE.

FROM THE AUTHORS

To the Reader:

Very many *New York Herald* readers have expressed their enthusiastic appreciation of the poems published by us from among those submitted in the recent Literary Competition. From civilians and soldiers alike the suggestion has come that these poems and others that we did not have space to publish be brought out in book form. It has been decided to publish a book of verse of the American Expeditionary Force as a result of the *Herald's* competition. Aside from the two prize poems and nine others which were purchased by the *Herald*, a large number of the poems submitted in the competition have been selected by the judges for publication in the collection of A. E. F. verse.

The royalties of the book, which will be

dedicated to the memory of Alan Seeger, will be devoted entirely to the funds for widows and orphans of seamen who have lost their lives in transporting the American Expeditionary Force to France.

Under these circumstances, we feel sure that our A. E. F. poets will grant permission to the editors to use their poems in the collection of A. E. F. verse.

THE AUTHORS.

SONGS FROM THE TRENCHES

OUR MISSION

The day is come! The die is cast!
We sally forth in Titan mold,
With Titan strength from first to last,
The Rights of Mankind to uphold.

For none in fever-framèd dream
E'er yet conceived nor shape nor form
Of man or monster but did seem
Humane to this which rides the storm.

So let us on! For ours the might
Wherewith to whelm the vulture down!
Aye, let us on! Ours is the right
To haste the harvest it has sown!

The day is come! The die is cast!
We sally forth in Titan mold,
With Titan strength from first to last—
God grant our steel the edge of old.

Private Clifford B. Crescent,
57th Aero Squadron.

THE CRUSADER

SAILING for France! My heart beats high
to-day:
I've reached the crossroads, and have made
the choice,
I've donned the new, and cast the old away;
Yes, DIEU LE VOLT, I, too, have heard the
voice.

Brave spirit of the past, thy words are true,
Guide thou my sword, for I have donned the
new.

Arthur Sprague,
S.S.U. 649,
Convois Automobiles.

SUNSET

(En route to France, December 20, 1917)

Red tentacles upflung, the dying sun in ruddy
light incarnadines the west;
Low-flying o'er the crimson waves, the gulls
fold up their weary wings and drop to rest.
Broad strips of tinted ribbons strive to paint
the fretful restless waves in living light,
And Nature, calling all her forces round, pre-
pares to draw the curtain of the night.

A group of idlers, leaning o'er the rail, in
wonder gazed at Nature's majesty,
While each to each in rapture pointed out the
curious shapes their fancy made them see.
A great, dark scud-cloud, golden-tipped, be-
came a dauntless knight of former days;
Gray slating underneath was coat of mail; the
golden tip a plume that hid his face.
A charger gay with trappings pranced along
a path more beautiful than Norse e'er
dreamed

Arched earth to heaven; and standing on
each side great million-windowed castles
glowed and gleamed.
One laughed in boisterous glee at some queer
shape that loomed fantastic through the
milling throng,
But e'er the rest could note the scene had
changed and o'er the sea an army marched
along.
The scene was one of merriment and jest; a
care-free crowd that scanned what Nature
did,
And, gazing joyously into the west, thought
not of what that glorious curtain hid.
But one there was who stood a pace apart and
looked through tear-drops o'er the tossing
foam;
The others saw the sunset, looking west; but
he pierced through the sunset and saw
"Home."

Corporal Richard C. Colburn, F.A.,
2d Battery, Replacement Regiment,
41st Division.

FAREWELL, AMERICA!

Dim grows the distant ridge of gray beyond
the waters' restless heave;
And so America fades away, the land that
holds the love I leave.
The mist that rises is not rain; no cloud across
the sky-line moves;
But he must feel a stab of pain who says good-
by to all he loves.

Sometimes the rushing course of life, its beat-
ing drums and bugle-calls,
The martial harmony of strife, into an awe-
some silence falls.
And then are heard its softer notes that
louder tones have rendered vain,
Bringing the sorrow to our throats with ten-
der cadences of pain.

The cheers are done; the shouting dies; comes
silence like a soft-toned hymn,
America like a far cloud lies and every minute
grows more dim.
I fear not death in lands afar nor any evil
that may come
To hurt my mortal flesh; but, ah, my land, my
children and my home!

Though with a bright and golden ray my
country smiles her last farewell,
The mists it cannot drive away that to the
eyes in sorrow swell.
And yet the love I leave has power my fate
and spirit to control,
And, rising in my danger's hour, its prayers
at least will arm my soul.

Private S. D. Regan,
Motor Truck Company No. 1,
Quartermaster Corps.

FACING THE SHADOWS[1]

When I behold the tense and tragic night
Shrouding the earth in vague, symbolic gloom,
And when I think that, ere my fancy's flight
Has reached the portals of the inner room
Where knightly ghosts, guarding the secret ark
Of brave romance, through me shall sing again,
Death may engulf me in eternal dark—
Still I have no regret nor poignant pain.

Better in one ecstatic, epic day
To strike a blow for Glory and for Truth,
With ardent, singing heart to toss away
In Freedom's holy cause my eager youth,
Than bear, as weary years pass one by one,
The knowledge of a sacred task undone.

Private William I. Grundish,
Company C, 15th Engineers.

[1] First prize in *Herald* competition.

A MODERN CRUSADER

Nor fame nor fortune I demand,
Nor guerdon for my holy task;
A crust, a shield, a flaming brand
And strength to fight is all I ask.

Lord God of nations, whose command
All powers of earth and heaven obey,
Give strength unto my good right hand
And keep me strong from day to day.

Be with me, Lord, in freedom's fight,
With all who long for liberty,
Till despots die and sin takes flight
And all the whole wide world is free.

And if I fall before the foe
Ere peace come to the world again,
I die content, if I but know
My sacrifice is not in vain.

Frank Ravenscroft McCall,
Electrician Sergeant 2d Class,
6th Regiment, Coast Artillery Corps.

OUR LADS

Why so far from home, lads,
So far, so very far?
Surely you are not of those
Who journey toward a star!

There were Three, but they were old—
Wise and old and gray.
Why should you, when life is high,
Fare so far away?

They, the Three, so long ago,
Gray and wise and old,
Sought a King and brought Him gifts—
Incense, myrrh, and gold.

So far away from home, lads,
So far, so very far.
In your eyes I read the truth—
You, too, seek the Star!

Though you come with song, lads,
You, too, seek the King.
Greater gifts than they, the Wise,
Unto Him you bring.

He could not bide at home, lads,
And, like Him, now you roam
So far, so far, oh, lads, dear lads,
To make the whole world Home!

Harry Lee,
Y. M. C. A.

CAMBRIC

'Tis strange—it was not long ago
I sat and watched my mother sew,
And heard the drowsy hum and whir
Of wheel that flew in gleaming blur;
And sometimes busy scissors snipped
As seams were sewn or seams were ripped.

I often raised a dreamy look
Above my open story-book,
And while she worked her agile hands
My mother told me of the lands
Where cloths were made. I hear her say,
"This cambric came from far Cambrai."

It seems as if 'twere yesterday
She spoke of cambric and Cambrai—
The city of the Frankish king
Where looms of magic weave and sing.
That fair old town of northern France
Was but one star in my romance.

The star was not so brilliant then,
But when I see the ranks of men
March past me to the front each day,
I think of cambric and Cambrai;
And every time a cannon booms
I think of Cambrai and her looms.

'Tis strange—it was not long ago
I sat and watched my mother sew,
And heard her tell of far Cambrai,
And now our guns are turned that way.
It hurts me when a cannon booms;
I think of Cambrai and her looms.

Bugler Hubert W. Kelley,
Company D,
12th Railway Engineers.

THE SHADOW[1]

WHERE green hills cut the opal sky
And black and white the magpies fly,
Cheerily with its saffron sails
The fleece of clouds the windmill flails,
Fanning white puffs in merry race
Into the red sun's jovial face.
Loisette and I, with rippling laughter,
And watchful mother trudging after,
Like children wander hand in hand
Amid this day-dream wonderland.
But up across the world's green rim,
From out a fringe of poplars slim,
Come horsemen trooping, and Loisette,
With quavering voice and lashes wet,
Speaks while her tears unminded flow:
"Our Jean returned two years ago
With eyes that could not see the sun
Nor yet the ribbon he had won."

Paul A. Tierney,
S.S.U. 594,
Convois Automobiles.

[1] Second prize in *Herald* competition.

THE LOVER RETURNS TO PARIS

I SPRANG with open arms to greet
My love, my Paris. "Ah, my sweet,
I have returned to you!" I cried.
"Come laugh with me."
"Ah me! I cannot laugh," she sighed.

"But this is I and this is you,
And we are plighted lovers true.
Our gladness through the nights shall ring,
Come, sing with me."
"Heigho! I nevermore will sing."

"You move as though a fearful fate
Had sapped the litheness of your gait.
Well, I am here, and now perchance
You'll dance with me."
"Woe's me! I ne'er again will dance."

"Dear love, if you and I can be
Part of this wild cacophony,
And feel the pain and know the dread,
  Why, we can love."
"Alas! I cannot love," she said.

If Paris could be gay again,
And sing anew her high refrain,
And dance and flirt with color mad,
  The world would be a-bloom.
Can Paris evermore be glad?

David Carb,
American Red Cross.

WAR AND WOMEN

("A sword shall pierce through thine own heart also.")

In the blue hush of eventide,
With only quiet winds astir,
Our Lady set Her windows wide
And heard the Voice that spoke to Her.

And through the months She pondered dumb,
And, all unknowing, wrought Her part
Until Her midnight hour was come
And Her Babe slept upon Her heart. . . .

Oh! Hers to clasp Her Baby fast,
To hear Him laugh, to watch Him run. . . .
And Hers to break Her heart at last
And watch them slay Her first-born Son.

And we, who dream of ravaged clay
And the torn limbs our flesh made good,
And we, who pass a dreamless way,
Forever starved of motherhood.

Oh, by the anguish suffered thus,
Most piteous Handmaid of the Lord,
Mother of Sorrows! Pray for us,
Who bear within our hearts the sword!

Kathleen Montgomery Wallace,
Y. M. C. A.

ROISEL ROAD

I HAVE heard that gipsies dwell
Down the road to fair Roisel.
Tell me true, is this the way?
Surely I have gone astray.

I have heard that gipsy song
Rings the happy way along.
This is not the road, I know.
Why should they have told me so?

I have heard that magpies flew
Black and white in skies of blue.
Surely this is not the way;
Ravens wing the dismal gray.

I have heard the fields were all
Flowered as a gipsy shawl.
This is not the road they mean;
Not a blossom have I seen.

I have often heard them tell
Of the road to fair Roisel.
Nothing did they say, I know,
Of these crosses row on row.

Who has strung that tangled wire,
Blackened hedge and tree with fire?
Is it thunder that I hear?
This is not the road, I fear.

Not a thrill of laughter gay;
Surely this is not the way.
Tangled hedge and crumbled wall;
This is not the way at all.

There is not a gipsy throng,
Ne'er a strain from gipsy song;
Only ranks of marching men.
I must turn me back again.

Bugler Hubert W. Kelley,
Company D,
12th Railway Engineers.

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THE VAILLY ROAD

THERE's a winding road through Vailly,
Running up from Braine,
Past the woods of Chassemy
Across the river Aisne,
And up the hill to Hameret—
Out on the Bascule Plain.

I knew the road before the war,
That far-off, happy day.
One saw the peasants in the fields,
The children at their play;
The women at the cottage door
Were smiling, cheerful, gay.

And now the road to Vailly
Is rutted, gutted, worn.
The trees that stood on either side
Are battered, tattered, torn.
The little rose-clad cottages
Are shattered, scattered, gone.

Along the road to Vailly
  Is ruin, waste, and wrack.
We felt the big shells bursting,
  We heard the rifles crack,
As foot by foot we conquered
  And forced the vandal back.

I've seen the road at midnight,
  Black shadows everywhere,
The great tanks going forward,
  The sudden shocking glare
Of shrapnel bursting overhead,
  While gas-shells taint the air.

Big guns and ambulances,
  Troops marching to the fight,
Long trains of ammunition,
  Pack-mules to left and right,
And all that feeds an army
  Goes groping through the night.

I've seen the road at dawning.
  The wounded, like a flood,

Came pouring from the battle,
  Covered with clay and blood,
In twos and threes and hundreds,
  Staggering through the mud.

French "poilu," English "Tommy,"
  Irish and kilted "Scot,"
Black Senegalese and Arab,
  Have left their bones to rot
Along the road to Vailly,
  And made a hallowed spot.

Stephen Pell,
S.S.U. 646,
Convois Automobiles.

THE AIRPLANE

What strange device is this,
This thing of metal, wood, and cloth
So cunningly contrived, and gay with colors
bright,
Standing alone out on the grassy plain?
Inert and lifeless on its wheels and skid,
Flaunting its glitter to the sun and sky,
It seems some giant's toy rather than
The latest product of the mind of man.

But now they come, a swarm of little men,
Clust'ring around and laying grimy hands
On polished wood and shining metal parts.
Another, weirdly garbed in suit of fur,
With leathern helmet, mask, and goggled eyes,
Like some odd creature from another world,
Clambers aboard and seats himself with care
Almost concealed within the fabric there.

And now one comes and grasps the twisted wood,
And with a sudden swing exerts his strength,
His puny human force, there in the face
Of that brute thing, that mass of steel and brass.
When, lo! a miracle is wrought! Pulsating life
Is born, and from the heart of it
Bursts forth a mighty roar, a storm of sound,
So that the framework shakes and trembles on the ground.

Then bounding from their hands like some wild thing
Seeking escape from bonds intolerable,
It courses o'er the ground and leaps into the air,
Spurning the lowly earth. Up, up into the blue
It beats its forward way, until the mighty roar
Fades with the height into a distant drone,
A ceaseless hum, as if some monstrous bee
Warmed by the summer sun was flying free.

Thus, god-like, alone, the human being,
Loose from the fetters that for ages long
Have bound his kind to earth, rushes through
space
And with a touch controls the soaring planes;
Bends to his will the pent-up power that beats
With frenzied force against the steely walls,
Hurling each piston back until the screw
Cuts the clear air in wisps of vibrant blue.

Such is the miracle of flight; the latest proof
That, smoldering deep within the soul of man,
Half buried ofttimes by the clods which mark
Him still a beast, there lurks the sacred flame,
The will to shape this star dust at his feet
To serve his end, lifting himself thereby until,
Freed from his heritage of passion, fear, and
strife,
He mounts to better things, to richer, fuller life.

Gilbert N. Jerome,
1st Lieutenant,
3d Aviation Center.

AVIATION

We are youth's heart made visible, who rise
  On gleaming wings to greet the splendid sun,
  Weary of earth's slow certainties, and run
Jousts with the elements to show our pride.

Last and most chosen chivalry, we meet
  In single fight to win a single fame;
Sweep on victorious, or, defeated, pass
  Like the archangels, trailing robes of flame.

Private Ralph Linton,
Battery D,
149th Field Artillery.

THE AIR TRAILS

We'll always be flying and flying,
We'll always be shaking the dice,
We'll always be taking new chances,
With never a thought of the price.

For somehow the fever has got us,
The old life seems dull and tame,
And we long for the new adventure
Where the trails are never the same.

W. G. Schauffler, Jr.,
1st Lieutenant,
1st Aero Squadron, S. C.

A VISION OF TWO NATIONS

In the far west the setting sun's last gleams
Burst forth once more and flood each fleeting cloud:
Golden and silver, and with shimmering beams
Blood-red, white streamers light as fairy form
Mingle and fade in the departing storm.
And now the sun has gone, but like a father proud
Leaves each small star as with his light endowed.

As from the hillside, plowed by the implements of War,
Sown with death-dealing seed,
And with the trees pruned to death by the sharpness of his breath,
I watched the scene.

Pictures arose in my mind's eye, kaleidoscopic,
powerful, pregnant.

I thought I saw that country stretched before
my gaze
Where War has not yet stamped his feculent
foot,
Where mothers' hearts still beat in time,
And babes are safe, and young girls
Need not fear the foul touch of his turgid fingers.
This land I saw. Then
All the colors of the sky and sun blended,
and the stars:—
And the Flag was there.
Red beams and stripes of red flashed
Before my eyes, and the wind chanted:
"Liberty! Blood! Blood shed for Liberty!"
The white streamers took their appointed
places,
While the lonely crickets saw and chirped:
"Purity of purpose, now as in the past."
The stars flickered and twinkled: now two
or three, then increased to hundreds;

Then millions, as if called for testimony,
blinked:—
One million hearts
Free!
Beating for freedom, with freedom!

Soon it grew darker.
The shadows settled down upon the land.
The evening mist unrolled its blanket,
Fold by fold. But still over the tops of the
hills,
Lunging forth in the distance, shone
A red glare:
The Spirit of France. France,
Denuded of youth and sire, bleeding,
Swept with a hellish hail of destruction by those
Who scorn, mock, sneer, destroy—
With wily talons hid in the gloves of War,
But like that Spirit the glare remained; red for
Liberty! Blood! Blood shed for Liberty!
Suddenly that, too, was gone, and like a finger
One beam shot toward the north and I seemed
to read:

"Oppression, depression, fear, hate. Those who
dig pitfalls,
Let them beware lest *they* fall into the pit."
And the last words all were
Studded with stars!

Private Frederick W. Kurth,
American Mission, Motor Transport
Division, Reserve Mallet.

A SONNET ON PROGRESS

Ah, when to-day shall be antiquity,
The crop of our adventures harvested;
When our fierce loves in withered silence lie,
And new life's sprung from passions that are dead;
When all the cosmic beauty of our dreams,
Like husks that once contained a vital grain,
Is but an empty cenotaph which teems
With solemn memories of joy and pain;
When the wild, daring color of our art
Fades in the heap of mild experiments,
Our final wisdom chanted as a part
Of the fleet chronicle of past events—
The moderns of that time will know that we
Were but mere weathercocks of destiny.

David Carb,
American Red Cross.

LITTLE PAL O' MINE

It's darkening fast, Little Pal o' Mine, and it's dreary and wet and cold,
And the night-time creeps on a murky sky as it gathers the world in its fold.
The shadows fall so silently, and deepen one by one,
And daylight, passing, leaves no trail as it follows the setting sun.
The wind blows chill and cuts the flesh with a deep and stinging pain;
It's burdened heavy with cruel mist from weeks and weeks of rain.
The heavy, sodden, low'ring clouds in the drear October sky
Like bounding, tumbling tumbleweeds go rolling and whirling by.
It's a desolate place, this world of war, starved and lank and lean.
Beside a few loud-squawking crows, bird-folk are never seen.

Even the little rabbits, accustomed to meadows and heath,
Have been starved with war's wild hunger and trampled by marching feet.
Three years of war's wild waste, of moss and brush and weeds,
Of pathways blocked and yards o'ergrown, and lakelets filled with reeds,
Have made a rack of flower-beds, or garden, field, and lawn,
And left this land as wild and bleak as Iceland at Christmas dawn.
Rusty entanglements of wire and shell-holes now o'ergrown,
Gaunt witnesses of dripping blood and shattered manhood's moan,
Remain to mock our virile youth, once groomed and fed for the trench
In a cruel attempt from German hordes a lasting peace to wrench.
You can watch the van on a busy day as it passes, thousands strong,
But there's nothing but khaki, leather, and steel in the stream as it passes along;

Only the cloth of the service, some new, only spattered with mud,
Some old and worn and tattered, and some all covered with blood.
It's a lonely world, Little Pal o' Mine, and the days pass heavy and slow,
Each has its tale of victory, or a tale of suffering and woe.
Brave deeds from the "Line" pass commonplace; they're done many times every day,
For men long inured to the bitter strife have come to do things that way.
And when evening comes in this land of decay and darkness settles o'erhead,
It's a lone and cheerless way I take as I seek my lowly bed.
I sit in this little hut of mine, and in the embers' glow
I see again the faces of dear old friends I know.
I hear their gentle voices in the evening's scurrying breeze,
And my idle fancy takes me to my home across the seas.

I see the one I left behind in that dear spot
over there;
I see a pair of wondrous eyes, a wealth of
lustrous hair;
I hear again her gentle voice and touch her
hand so fine;
I dream then of the happy days I'll know
when she'll be mine.
Those were joyful days, Little Pal o' Mine,
a riot of youth and song,
And good times came on each breath of air
and followed each other along.
But they're not in this land where I'm dwell-
ing—no youth, no love, no play
Enhances my waking hours, nor passes dull
time away.
My comrades' faces are missing, those voices
I cannot hear,
'Neath this pagan altar of Mars in this land
so bleak and drear.
And you're gone, too, Little Pal o' Mine, and
those joyous days of old
Are far from this lowly abode of mine, in these
days of damp and cold.

But this strife must cease, and I'll return to
the land I love once more,
To a spot that's many and many a league from
France's blighted shore.
Then joy and happiness will replace the suf-
fering and the pain,
And bright and healthy sunshine the snow
and sleet and rain.
And now good night, and may your dreams
be bright and shining gold,
And know that your Little Pal dreams of you
in this world of damp and cold.
Good night again, Little Pal o' Mine, across
the ocean blue.
Good night, and may God bless you, is the
message I send to you.

Private James K. Flynn,
Company D,
12th Railway Engineers.

ON GUARD

I LISTEN—the trumpet's faint caress
  Turns time back in its flight,
And carries me to the long ago
  When all was fair and bright.

'Twas then we sought each other,
  Alive with youth's first glow,
To enjoy those summer evenings
  With the music, soft and low.

Till the glorious night would beckon
  To see its beauties rare,
And we'd promenade together
  Without a single care.

We've looked at these same stars—
  Up at heaven's archèd lights.
Those were the hours—so far away—
  When we scaled the golden heights.

Once more, won't you lift your face
To reflect in each bright star,
Sending a message to cheer my heart
Which beats for you afar?

For you are my guardian angel
Up in the skies so blue,
So just remember to keep "Guide Right,"
And I'll come back to you.

But hark—the relief approaches—
Mizpah to you above.
'Twas a wonderful, wonderful watch,
So short, but so full of love.

P. K. Bunn,
Company A, 29th Engineers,
Topographical Division,
Intelligence Section.

THE SONGS THEY SANG IN THE TRENCHES

The songs they sang in the trenches
Are the songs that I long to hear.
The dear old songs that the soldiers sang
Are music to mine ear.

The songs they sang in the trenches,
The songs of the brave and true,
The stirring songs of the homeland,
I'd hear them, boys, from you.

The glorious songs of Britain,
The peerless queen of the wave,
I'd hear you sing of your island home
Of the land that you died to save.

When the moonlight fell on the trenches,
In accents tender and mild,
I'd hear the sweet-voiced poilu
As he sang of his wife and child.

Oh, the wonderful songs of the Yankees
That they sang when the flag was unfurled!
The song that was echoed from heaven,
The song that was heard round the world.

Oh, the prayerful songs of the trenches
That the soldiers sang when they died!
We'll join them again in the chorus
When we sing on the other side.

Oh, the beautiful songs of the trenches,
Murmur them softly and low!
Many heroes that sang in the trenches
Are moldering under the snow.

Captain John Robert Hume,
23d Infantry.

THE SOUL OF A SONG

WHENEVER the company's fagged from a work detail or a drill,
When the discipline's hard and the danger's keen, whenever the bugles are shrill
With hopelessness, and home is a myth, and the future looks drearier still—
Somebody starts "Tipperary," and the gloomiest man has a moment of cheer.
And I wondered why till once when I listened I'll swear that I could hear
An echo ghostly and differently keyed and flung from a former year.

And then I understood. . . . Summer a-waning, and overhead
Magpies fluttering color, and the fields gentle by the roads that fed
Kitchener's Mob to the war—to the peace, to the lasting peace of the dead.

They were youthful and clean who sang as
they marched, and singing went to their
rest,
But their muscles and nerves were forged of
steel, for their blood was the blood of
the best
Of the clashing hosts of the centuries that have
stood the crimson test.

Corporal Carter Brooke Jones,
Company A, 161st Infantry.

SONG OF SPHERES

It's all a master symphony, a glad sad song
Of sunshine and shadow, where footsteps march along
Adown the ways of magic,
Through happy and the tragic
Sorrow-laden hours of God's eternal plan;
We that are but shadows
Across the litten meadows,
As flowers bloom to vanish across the endless span.

It's all a master symphony, where every act and dream
Is but a minor dominant within the major theme.
Faith in every sorrow
Gleams of a to-morrow,
Light that shadows borrow from cradle to the tomb;
Gain in each achieving,
Loss beyond retrieving,
One within the weaving upon the greater loom.

It's all a martial symphony, each marching to his war
Passes in transcendent gleam of his o'erarching star,
All the greater yearning
Throughout our orbits turning,
Still as the stars are burning beyond where planets roam;
Every great desire
Flames in the tongueless choir,
The everlasting regiments forever coming home.

Danford Barney,
Yale Motor Field Unit,
Base Hospital No. 39.

ONLY A NUMBER

When the bullets whiz around you and you're
mad with battle lust,
When the shrieking shells drop near you,
mingling life-blood with the dust;
You wonder if they'll find you, should you,
perhaps, be slain,
For you know you're but a number in that
deadly leaden rain.

No, we have no names in warfare; we are
nameless numbered men,
And countless thousands stumble who will
never rise again.
Then, as numbers they are buried, with their
tomb the open sky,
With a comrade as a tombstone; that's the
way the numbers die.

Dusk, when night-bombs light the trenches
and we huddle from the fire,
And the charges of the cannon as they sing
along the wire,
Bring no solace to a number, for to-morrow
he may be
Among the dead or missing when they charge
the infantry.

And across a field of carnage, in an early
morning's glow,
When the sun in all its glory shines alike on
friend and foe,
Numbers here and there lie lifeless, while
others toss and moan,
While others shriek in madness, and laugh and
shout and groan.

But although we're only numbers, still it
pleases us to die
'Mid a flow of leaden bullets, where the
shrapnel fragments fly;
In the heat of midday battle, or when evening
shadows fall,
Wherever danger threatens, the numbers wait
"The Call."

Oh, you could not count the thousands to whom "The Call" has come,
For they fell in countless numbers, in the battle 'round the Somme.
But "The Call" was always answered, as the numbers now will tell,
For a number never flinches in this warfare worse than hell.

And to-morrow, if they find me in a trench "Somewhere in France,"
With my life-blood flowing from me and to live I've not a chance,
When my heart is still within me, and I cannot draw my breath,
Then I'll know that God has called me, to die a number's death.

Robert Emmet Ryan,
S.S.U. 552,
Convois Automobiles.

149TH U.S.F.A.

My regiment had a major wuz a loyer,
An' a loot wot wuz a bloke
That carried dynamite around
An' blew bridges up in smoke;
The captins they wuz L-road guards
An' football stars an' such
As peddled real estate to boobs
W'at never would know much;
The curnel he come from the Point
An' later wuz a scribe;
Our band-conductor, he come from
Some wild Eyetalian tribe;
The ajutent raised dogs an' hell,
An' knew the latest fads
Of wimmin's linjery and cloes
From writin' all their ads;
An' the loots wuz everything on earth
From movie star to mayor—

Wuz five come from the reglars
An' two of 'em wuz fair.
The personel was 'rah 'rah boys
And lots of other guys
Like w'at hang 'round election-time
To vote ag'in' the drys;
An' some wuz travelin' salesmen,
An' some wuz pool-room sharks,
An' some just saved their room rent
By sleepin' in the parks;
A few wuz he stenografters,
A few wuz engineers,
Some wuz foot-rail polishers
An' free-lunch connisers;
Some wuz shofers out o' jobs
And them not broke wuz bent—
But w'en you seed 'em all in action
They made some dam' fine regiment.

Irving Shaffner,
Battery D,
149th Field Artillery.

THE NATIONAL GAME

THE "Huns" had not been challenged nor
scheduled to appear,
But the game began four years ago on the
German-Belge frontier;
The Allied team was crippled, but had no
time to stall,
For the voice of domination had plainly cried,
"Play ball!"

In the early innings of the game the Germans
took the lead,
Their forty years of practice had developed
lots of speed;
The Allies' southpaw, Belgium, was pitching
clever ball,
But his comrades and the captain considered
him too small.

So rather than to lose the game by taking such a chance,
They shifted him to second and substituted "France";
The Germans thought the time was ripe to carry out their mission,
And figured they could win the game through "France's" poor condition.

A "Boche" came up and toed the plate and tripled over Arras;
He decided he could stretch the hit and slide right into Paris;
But the ball was neatly handled, by fielders that were clever—
In the famous battle of the Marne he was tagged by General Joffre.

The "lucky seventh" rolled around—the Allies came to bat;
Old Kaiser Bill was pitching, and his arm was sore at that.

Canada singled o'er Vimy Ridge (he willingly paid the price);
Then Edith Cavel walked up to the plate and came through with a sacrifice.

Italy slammed an offensive, which rang with a sounding thud;
His spikes got tangled in German intrigue and he tripped and fell in the mud.
The next ball pitched was a beauty—knee-high and close to the shanks,
And a clever drive for a double was made by the Britisher "tanks."

This splendid Allied rally had filled the "Huns" with doubt.
With two men on and no one down the "Russian Bear" struck out;
So Hindenburg, who's catching, has called for the Kaiser's "spitter,"
And swinging his bats on the side-line is "Sammy," the club's pinch hitter.

His eye is keen, his spikes are sharp—he's
filled with the courage of youth;
Democracy gleams in his clear gray eyes—his
bat bears the trade-mark of Truth.
Now this is as far as the game has advanced,
so of course we can tell you no more;
But soon every fan in this troubled old world
will know the completed box score.

Sergeant Byron Beardsley, Q.M.C.,
War Risk Insurance Dept.

AN INCIDENT

A LITTLE girl sat by a roadside wall,
And laughter lighted her eyes
As she watched the endless army pass
With guns of every size.

And the soldiers laughed with the little girl
As they waved their hands at her,
And some few thought of another land
Where their own dear babies were.

A turn of the road and the army passed
Out of the little one's sight,
So back she fled to her games and toys
And forgot the soldiers quite.

'Tis only a moment in history,
This war that we wage to-day,
And the world will forget it all the same
As the little girl by the way

Forgot the soldiers as soon as they passed
And went back to her childish play,
For the Gods of War may rumble and rage,
But Peace is far stronger than they.

Sergeant Victor C. Reese,
Company D, 28th Infantry.

LITTLE PIERRE AND JUCUNDINE

("This stone was placed here in memory of Pierre Lebarge, who died, aged 4 years, 6 months, on the 14th January, 1804 A.D.; and of Jucundine, his sister, aged 3 years, 2 months, on the 16th January, the same year."—From a tombstone inscription in a French village.)

Little Pierre and Jucundine,
Sleep you in your grave serene,
Heeding not the column's tramp
In the morning's fog and damp.

Sleep you on, when bugle's shrill
Wakes the echoes from the hill,
Rousing children of to-day
With the portent of the fray.

Sleep you 'neath the noonday sun
When, the soldiers' stint half-done,
Back they march, with laugh and jest,
Close by where you take your rest.

Other children run to greet
Those bronzèd men; their little feet
Clack their sabots o'er the tiles
As they vie for soldiers' smiles.

Other children, parentless,
Seek the foreigner's caress,
Hug his coat, and query when
He'll bring Father back again.

Other village children prate
Elders' futile talk of hate—
Ask the soldiers when they will
Sally forth to maim and kill.

Those despoilers of the land—
"Allemands!"—Each little hand
Clenches at the well-loathed name
Of that race of evil fame. . . .

Of this heritage of woe,
Pierre and Jucundine, you know
Not a whit; then thankful be
For the spanning century!

For a hundred years and more
Naught you've heard of moil and war—
You were laid beneath the ground
Ere the Bonaparte was crowned.

Sleeping there so peacefully,
Guns of eighteen-seventy
Ne'er disturbed your long repose;
Naught you knew of Prussian blows.

Heartstruck parents laid you where
You now rest, immune from care;
Orphaned children, dead to-day,
Lacked the love of such as they. . . .

Rest you, Pierre and Jucundine,
In your little grave, serene;
Rest you till the Judgment blast
Brings the Hun to book at last—

Calls the Hun to answer for
Wrongs to children done in war!
Wrongs you've neither known nor seen,
Happy Pierre and Jucundine!

Private Hudson Hawley,
Company C,
101st Machine Gun Battalion,
26th Division.

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

Like shadows that numberless lift when the moonlight streams full on the trenches,
So the thoughts of the sentinel mount, one by one, as he fixes his eyes on
Some lone star half-espied thro' a rift in the clouds, till the satellite blenches
From the spray of Dawn's roseate fount gushing up the uncovered horizon:
And he thinks of his home, maybe
In the Puy-de-Dôme or green Normandy,
With its school and the little benches.

He thinks thro' the thunderous night, of each boy sitting down at a table,
In the comforting light of the lamp, with a mother close by, to look over
And encourage, or hear him recite his home lesson—some picturesque fable

Of La Fontaine's, or tale of the camp with its heroine wed to a rover;
Or that page from the Book about Jericho, Whose strong walls shook at the trumpet's blow;
Or the story of Cain and Abel.

He remembers the communal school where he taught with just pride in his calling.
All its drudgery vanishes now; he retains but the joy and the yearning
Of his past adolescence too full of hard effort for pleasures enthralling.
He looks back on bright springs with the plow and dark winters devoted to learning:
Then, unbidden, there comes the thought:
"Truth is hidden and must be sought
In a desert of lies appalling!"

How remote things of yesterday seem! Party squabbles, political striving,
Feuds, polemics both bitter and loud, into nothingness shrink and are swallowed

In the rush of a mightier stream. Minor hates
have no chances of thriving
Where the poison-impregnated cloud creeps
with death in its curls and is followed
By the foe firm-set like a living wall,
Advancing yet, without aught at all
Save the Spirit of France surviving.

As it ever survived in the past and shall still
while the race it sustaineth
Clings to Freedom like lichen to rock, or
like stars to celestial splendor:
The old spirit of France unsurpassed, half
ignored when Prosperity reigneth
But resurgent in Bouvines' fierce shock, at
Jemmapes, on the Marne—sure de-
fender
Of virtues dear to the Gaul;
Human cheer, geniality—all
That the Hun in his heart disdaineth.

Private William Berthold,
Chief Paymaster's Office,
U. S. Marines.

NIGHT PATROL

To the brow of one of a hundred wreck-strewn hills
I climbed, and looked on the pulsing dark below;
And I heard the moon-sad song of the whip-poorwills,
I felt the clover-sweet breath of the night wind blow.

In the west I saw but the jagged, rambling clouds,
Waifs that the battle-drums from the far plains drave;
And the stars as they sank into sudden smoky shrouds,
Where the sulphurous flood of hell rose wave on wave.

And oh, but my heart was weary of men's ways!
Oh, but the night seemed dark with grief, and long!
For out of the past, but Freedom's faltering lays
Remained, my soul, for the fashioning of a song—
And oh, but the night seemed dark with grief, and long!

Private Walter Edmand Mair,
O. C. S. O.,
G. H. Q.

SLACKER, THINK IT OVER!

SLACKER, you sit in your easy-chair,
Thanking the Lord you're not over there,
Where the cannons roar and the brave men die,
And, dying, perhaps unburied lie;
You may have purchased a bond or two
And imagine that is enough to do.

But some day, after the war is done
And victory by the brave is won,
You'll see men sneer as they pass you by,
And you'll wish you had not been afraid to die,
For what is the life of a coward worth
When he hasn't a friend on the lonely earth?

But the world may consent to forget some day,
And when it has done so, what will you say

To the grandson sitting upon your knee,
As he shows you his book, saying, "Grandpa,
see!
Here is where in the great world war
We lost a thousand soldiers or more."

And when he turns and looks up at you,
Saying, "Tell me, grandpa, what did *you* do?"
Slacker, you'll sit in your big arm-chair,
Wishing that you had been over there,
And you'd give your life for the right to say,
"I fought for God and the U. S. A."

Corporal Ralph J. Hall,
Company B,
101st Mounted Police.

ABOARD THE U. S. TRANSPORT S——

With Stevenson and Kipling and their kin
In day-dream vessels have I sailed the sea.
Of late I shipped with keen-eyed Conrad in
His brackish South Sea trader to the lea
Where tinted isles, modeled with nicety,
Like coral necklace on some dark bride's skin,
Circle the sea. O'er realms that cannot be
And realms that are, in fancy have I been.

Yet mountainous waves, in fancy's wildest storms,
Ne'er bore the threat this calm sea entertains
Within its mist-green caverns. The heart warms
To dare a foe who saps the ocean's veins.

What! Fear death's slimy eye, his frosted
breath?
To purge these waves we gaily sail through
death.

Robert Wiener,
S.S.U. 517,
Convois Automobiles.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

"It's a submarine!" the lookout cried,
"A porpoise," said the mate.
"A set of mines hooked to a shark,"
The boatsmen were not late.

The skipper threw the safe away,
The first luff's feet were cool,
The navigator cleared the stern
Lashed to a sliding rule.

From the engine-room another,
With a left-hand monkey-wrench,
And through the starboard mess-hall door
Flew a sailor on a bench.

The boatswain piped a phoney call,
And loudly he did bellow,
While high and dry on the pilot-house
Stood Doc with his umbrella.

Some one hit a jingle,
For the throttle opened wide,
The fish-boat quivered fore and aft,
Went astern, and saved our hide.

Safety first is a landsman's cry,
I'm sure you will agree.
On the poggy trawler do your bit
And believe just half you see.

Frank G. Bigelow, C.Q.M.,
U.S.S. Hinton.

HUNTIN' U-BOATS

THE wind is cold an' cruel, an' it cuts you to the bone
While you stand your lonely gun-watch with your thoughts a-racin' home.
An' you wonder if they're thinkin' of the men upon the sea
Who are fightin' for their country an' to keep the ocean free.

Your feet are cold as chunks of ice; your stiffened hands are blue;
An' you're wishin' every minute that the bloomin' war was through.
The bow goes divin' under an' the spray flies hissin' by,
While the wind moans in the riggin' like a whimperin' human cry.

It's a corkin' night for submarines (they like
the moon, you know),
An' if you don't watch bright an' sharp they'll
send you down below
To Davy Jones's Locker in the seaweed an'
the slime,
Where your memory's lost forever 'neath the
shiftin' sands o' time.

As you're stampin' back an' forward in a
frozen sort o' dream,
You hear a lookout bawlin', "Wake on the
starboard beam!"
Your eyes strain through the moonlight at
that streaky, splashin' band,
Then the Skipper gives some orders, an' the
for'ard gun is manned.

There's a moment's breathless silence as the
pointers take their aim,
Then a shell flies screamin' outboard in a
blindin' crash o' flame.

Another and another till the wake veers out
an' swerves.
You hope you clipped the periscope, for it's
gettin' on your nerves.

The ship tears through the water, tryin' to
run the Hun-fish down.
An' you drop a bunch o' depth mines just to
do the thing up brown.
There ain't no doubt about it when you see
a scum o' oil
An' a couple of dead Germans—net results of
one night's toil.

Oh, there ain't no bands nor p-rades for men
like you an' me;
Our life's a case of nip an' tuck on a Boche-
infested sea.
Our one reward for duty over countless miles
of foam
Is a scant three days at anchor an' a batch o'
mail from home.

Seaman Robert J. Hare Powel, Jr.,
U. S. Naval Base,
A French Atlantic Port.

THE GREASY ARMY COOKS

An army marches on its stomach,
  Napoleon often said.
The old boy knew whereof he spoke,
  They claim he had some head.
You may not like our lingo,
  You may not like our looks,
And yet you cannot do without
  The greasy army cooks.

Now I'm a cook myself, you know,
  And sometimes feel quite blue.
Perchance I may have scorched or burnt
  The greasy army stew.
Remember, boys! it's not like home!
  When you are in the field,
And I might add it's d—— hard work
  To get the murphys peeled.

Sometimes the K.P.'s are O.K.
And other times they're not.
Why then we blame the rotten fire
If things are never hot.
Of course you'd like more sugar, too,
And undiluted cream,
But Uncle Sam says, "No, sirree."
Don't make the eagle scream!

At times the meat is tender,
And then again it's tough.
By heck! that old Wyoming steer
Is not such tasty stuff!
The sap who made the first hardtack
A dentist's friend was he.
I'd like to shoot him in the pants
And laugh aloud with glee.

"Canned Willy," too, I'd like to can
From off our bill of fare,
For Uncle Sam was "full of prunes"
The time he put it there.

Go easy with the sugar, boys,
These words I hate to say;
We left the sweetness all behind,
I guess, in U. S. A.

This war is going to be fought
As much with food as guns.
And we will surely help you, boys,
To beat those crazy Huns.
You may not like our lingo,
You may not like our looks,
And yet we know we'll lick les Boches,
We greasy army cooks.

Private James E. Dimond,
Company F,
117th Engineers.

CHANT OF ARMY COOKS

We never were made to be seen on parade
When sweethearts and such line the streets,
When the band starts to blare look for us. We ain't there;
We're mussing around with the eats.
It's fun to step out to the echoing shout
Of a crowd that forgets how you're fed,
While we're soiling our duds hacking eyes out of spuds—
You know what Napoleon said.

When the mess sergeant's gay it's the opposite way
With the boys who are standing in line;
When the boys get a square then the sergeant is there
With your death-warrant ready to sign.

If you're long on the grub then you're damned
for a dub,
If you're short you're a miser instead.
But however you feel you must get the next
meal—
You know what Napoleon said.

You think it's a cinch when it comes to the
clinch
For the man who is grinding the meat;
In the heat of the fight, why, the cook's out
of sight
With plenty of room to retreat.
But a plump of a shell in a kitchen is hell,
When the roof scatters over your head,
And you crawl on your knees to pick up the
K.P.'s—
You know what Napoleon said.

If the war ever ends we'll go home to our
friends—
(In the army we've nary a one)—
We'll list to the prattle of this or that battle,
And then when the story is done

We'll say, when they ask, "Now what was your task,
And what is the glory you shed?"
"You see how they thrive—well, we kept 'em alive!
You know what Napoleon said."

Private John T. Winterich,
Headquarters Detachment Air Service,
Z. of A.

I LOVE CORNED BEEF

I LOVE corned beef—I never knew
How good the stuff could taste in stew.
I love it "camouflaged" in hash;
A hundred bucks I'd give in cash
To have a barrel of such chow
A-standing here before me now;
I madly rush when "soupie" blows;
I sniff and raise aloft my nose.
"Corned beef! Ah ha!" I wildly yell.
"Old Sherman said that 'War is hell,'
But gladly would I bear the heat
If corned beef I could sit and eat!"
I love it wet; I love it dry;
I love it baked and called meat-pie;
I love it cold— But listen, friend.
When to this war there comes an end,
And peace upon this earth shall reign,
I'll hop a boat for home again;

Then to a restaurant I will fly
And to the waiter I will cry:
"Some corned beef, please!—*both* hot *and*
cold;
And corned-beef stew you have, I'm told;
And bring a little corned-beef hash.
Don't worry, friend, I've got the cash!
And—now don't think I'm crazy, man,
But could you bring a corned-beef can?
First, please hand me that bill of fare.
Now don't stand there, you boob, and stare.
I want a sirloin steak, you bet!
And—wait—I'm not through ord'ring yet!
Hashed brown potatoes—gravy, too.
Hot biscuits? Better bring a few.
Oh, bring me *all* that's printed here.
My appetite is huge, I fear!"
Then, when he's filled my festive board
I'll bow my head and thank the Lord
(For that's the proper thing to do),
And then I'll take the corned beef stew,
The corned beef hot, the corned-beef cold;
The corned-beef can I'll then lay hold,

And ram the whole works into it,
And say: "Now, damn you, there you'll sit!
You've haunted every dream I've had—
You don't know what shame is, by gad!
Now *sit* there, bo! See how yuh feel
To watch me eat a reg'lar meal!"

Sergeant A. P. Bowen,
Headquarters Company,
116th Supply Train.

ALEX BURR

("THERE'S a blooming lot of heroes in this war that the world will never hear about," said an English friend of mine recently. Then he told me the story of little Alex Burr of the Warwickshire Rifles, who led six hundred British soldiers past two lines of German trenches, although the orders were to advance but the one—if possible. A boy of seventeen, who made the Tommies win a big victory during the early battling on the Somme River before Péronne, early in the spring of 1915.)

YOU can talk about the fellows who may sport the D.S.O.,
Victoria Cross and all; but I prefer
To think that all your heroes are hardly in a class
With our curly-headed bugler, Alex Burr.

He was hardly seventeen, and without a bit of fear,
Yet he made us win a fight and fight like hell
In the battle of Péronne in the scrapping on the Somme.
He won eternal glory—but—he fell.

We got our bloody orders and Alex was the first
To blow his horn and scramble o'er the top;
And his guts drove us mad, for we truly loved the lad,
And we clambered after, praying he'd not drop.

The plucky little devil just blew "Charge!" and turned and ran,
And ran straight into the hellish hail of lead;
Heeded not our frantic calls, nor yet the rifle-balls,
Blew "Charge!" again, then turned and onward sped.

Yes, it drove us near insane. We forgot the ghastly rain
Of death that made our comrades topple o'er.
We were going to save that kid, if the last we ever did
Was to get our blooming kick and die in gore.

Then we chased along like wild, but we couldn't
catch the child
Who was fifty feet ahead and going
strong.
And it gave our hearts a wrench when we saw
him reach the trench.
"They'll get him now," we thought; but
we were wrong.

For the Germans seemed to feel the temper
of our steel,
Retreated to their second trench behind,
Deserted posts and fled. Then once more Alex
led
The chase. It seemed he'd lost his mind.

Their second trench we gained with every
muscle strained.
By superhuman strength we won, by gad!
We heard our captain cry, "Come back!" and
turned to spy
Young Alex plunging on, stark, raving
mad.

Again his "Charge!" rang out, and we heard
the laddie shout:
"Come on, ye lazy devils! Are ye scared?"
So we gave a mighty yell and plunged straight
into hell;
God's miracle, I think, a few were spared.

Toward the third-line trench he flew, raised his
horn again and blew
His "Charge!" that seemed to thrill us to
the core.
But our souls just seemed to burn when we
saw our laddie turn,
His forehead creased by bullet, eyes all gore.

Yet he turned and blindly ran, and we fellows
to a man,
All cursing, shouting, panting, followed on.
To the third-line trench he led, when a bullet
through his head
Sent him reeling o'er the edge. Our boy
was gone.

Then it seemed all hell broke loose. But there
isn't any use
To try and tell the story of that fight.
For they charged and met us then, and God
alone knows when
It ended far along into the night.

So we cited him for honors, for the British
D.C.M.,
But they merely checked him, "Orders dis-
obeyed."
Though he heard his country's call, though he
gave his life and all,
To Alex goes no credit for the glorious
charge we made.

There are heroes by the score who, in this
awful war,
Have earned their medals; yet I must demur
When you say that any chap, in all this bloody
scrap,
Has proved a bigger hero than our bugler,
Alex Burr.

Sergeant Earle H. Tostevin,
Headquarters Company,
164th Infantry.

ENTHUSIASTS

I HATE Enthusiasts:
They fret me.

There are the Bachelor Aunts;
The ones who make the patent-medicine business pay,
And who go around expecting to die with every step.
They send me abdominal bands and psalm-books,
And what to do for lumbago;
When I'm only worrying if the next shell has my name on it.
They are always trying to impress upon me
That the Kaiser is a dreadful man
And that this war is a terrible thing—
As if I thought it was
A blooming picnic!
Will some kind soul enlighten them?

And there are the Sweet Things,
The little original "bit-doers."

They write me letters about dances and teas
and things,
While I sit in the mud and read them.
Their ideas of how to show their spirit are
funny,
But perhaps it's punishment for my sins.
They send me chewing-gum and strange things
called sweaters,
And are always knitting miles of mufflers.
They often wish they could come over here
And get right into it.
I wish they could, too—
Then I wouldn't have to answer their letters.

Then there are the Fire-Eaters
Who go around crying for raw meat and blood,
And who belong to the Odd Fellows.
They want me to hang the Kaiser in every letter,
But don't tell me how to go about it.
They like to tell me how I'm helping
Make the world safe for Democrats,
As if that would spur me on.
And, Lord! how they'd like to get into the army!

They'd show the Boche what's what!
Well, I won't stand in their way—
They can have my place any day.

And then there are the Family Friends,
The ones who used to hold me in their laps,
But suppose I've forgotten them.
Now I'll have to forget all over again.
They have always just seen my folks,
And think Mother is bearing up well
But Father is looking older,
They complain about the restrictions in America—
"Why, I can hardly get enough meat for Rover!"
They wish they could do something for me,
Just for old times' sake.
They can—just one thing:
Stop writing me!

I hate Enthusiasts:
They fret me.

Sidney G. Doolittle,
S.S.U. 621,
Convois Automobiles.

OUR FIGHT

Come from the South, my Brothers,
Swift as the ocean's surge;
Sons are you of the fathers
Whose loyal spirits urge.

Come from the fields of cotton,
By jasmine-perfumed way,
Shoulder to shoulder marching,
For none shall say you nay.

Come from the West, my Brothers,
Land of the Brave and Free,
Crossing the lakes and mountains,
Shouting of Liberty.

You spanned the mighty rivers,
Builded on hill and plain,
Wrested from earth her secrets,
Gave them to her again.

Come from the North, my Brothers,
Land of the mighty few;
Run like a wolf a-hungered,
Ready to fight anew.

Skilled are you in the woodcraft—
Woodcraft and sea lore, too,
Clear-eyed, broad-shouldered Northmen,
There's work for you to do.

Come from the East, my Brothers,
Tang of brine on your face.
Wait for no further summons;
Step quickly into place.

Doers were you in the old days,
Dreamers have been since then.
Wake to your ancient fervor,
Be men of action again.

This is no war of conquest
To rule a humbled world.
We fight that through the ages
One flag may be unfurled.

We fight the fight of freedom,
For every suffering one,
We fight the fight of justice,
Till pride shall be undone.

Come from the North and West, then,
Come from the South and East.
Fight till we've freed the Soul, men,
Fight till we've killed the Beast.

Gertrude Lynch,
Y. M. C. A.

SOLDIERS, COME BACK CLEAN!

This is a song for a soldier
To sing as he rides from home
To the fields afar where the battles are,
Or over the ocean's foam.
Whatever the dangers waiting
In the land I have not seen,
If I do not fall—if I come back at all—
Then I will come back clean.

I may lie in the mud of the trenches,
I may reek with blood and mire,
But I will control, by the God in my soul,
The might of my man's desire.
I will fight my foe in the open,
But my sword shall be sharp and keen
For the foe within, who would lure me to sin.
And I will come back clean.

I may not leave for my children
  Brave medals that I have worn,
But the blood in my veins shall leave no stains
  On bride or on babes unborn.
And the scars that my body may carry
  Shall not be from deeds obscene,
For my will shall say to the beast, OBEY!
  And I will come back clean.

Oh, not on the fields of slaughter,
  And not in the prison cell,
Or in hunger or cold is the story told
  By war of its darkest hell.
But the old, old sin of the senses
  Can tell what that word may mean
To the soldiers' wives and to innocent lives,
  And I will come back clean.

Private Arthur F. Krieger,
Company D, 16th Engineers.

THERE IS NO GOD

I SAID, "There is no God—no Providence,
No Father's love, no mighty Potentate
Eternal, pure, whose changeless radiance
Can save His kingdoms from the hell of hate.
No more can man believe what prophets tell
To fill our shrinking souls with hate of hell."

God? What mockery to drone a creed
While guiltless Belgium groans on torture's wheel,
And France, fair France, beholds her heroes bleed,
Her homes, her art destroyed by shrieking steel.
O soul of mine! Thou hast not eyes to see
If God be God, how things like these can be.

The hungry flame at Halifax—the bite
Of wind, the blinding snow, the crumbling wall,
Have left no place for mercy's law, no right
Of faith in One who hears His children call.
Than this what plight can be imagined worse?
War's horrors prove a heartless universe.

"There is no God," I said again. Alas!
A deeper pain shot through my heart, as when,
Refusing all medicaments, we pass
From faint desire to deep distress. For men
Are less than men when hope is gone, and hope
Must feed on faith to reach its fairer scope.

What man shall say there is no star in space
In that black night in which no star is seen?
No cheering light to greet the upturned face.
But dense and dark the clouds that intervene.
As well may Reason rule a court of fools
And Truth but jest at Wisdom learned in schools.

Or who shall doubt the mountain peak when
naught
Of land within the far horizon's ring
Relieves the sailor's eye? Is he not taught
The ocean to its shore is witnessing?
Ah! now I know, as sure as star or peak,
God is, and He is found of them who seek.

In cheerless cave, in hut and barrack bare,
In muddy trench where fearful cannons roar,
Aloft in shadow ships that sail the air,
Brave men have met the Lord their souls adore.
Man's helplessness implies the Maker's might,
The wrong we own is proof that right is right.

This God is not the creature of a creed,
But all-prevailing, boundless Life is He;
Rejoicing not in war—the cruel greed
Of renegades who love not liberty.
When God-like men go forth to fight the foe
There *is* a God, I know, I know, I know.

W. C. O'Donnell, Jr.,
Foyer du Soldat, No. 33,
Camp Berthelot,
Place Mourmelon le Grand
(Marne).

DEAR SISTER

Dear Sister! But a little while ago
You passed along thro' wards of wounded here,
And, as you passed with murmured tread and slow,
You said, "Good morning, and a glad New Year!"

Is it because of this I think of you,
Or, seated by the cot of one who died,
You mothered him? And as he weaker grew
How like a little child he smiled or sighed.

Kindness you had for all who fought and bled,
Patience for those in agony of pain,
Love and devotion to a Cross of Red,
Sacrifice, too, which was not in vain.

Virtue of gold! For women such as you
Will live within a sacred nation's breast
As long as folds of red and white and blue
Shall fly on high with field of starry crest!

Although upon the plains of France you died,
'Neath Camier's skies below the hilltop's crest,
Where ocean breezes watch o'er ashes that reside
At Étaples. Still—America shall claim the rest.

Private William G. Henry,
Base Hospital No. 12.

LIFE

The curtain rises, the play's begun,
We laugh or cry, as is our mood.
Ah! but in the middle of the fun,
Ere we can say 'tis bad or good,
Death intervenes—the play is done.
The lights go out, the curtains fall,
In gloom we weep, we wail, we mourn,
Forgetting, at the prompter's call,
For every death two lives are born.
And still this is a grand old world,
Enjoying all life's giddy whirl,
Forgetting all life's certain debt.
Restore to the peoples their lands despoiled;
With more lofty ideals inspire the world;
Prove equal to nations who kept unsoiled
The fair flag of freedom they first unfurled.
They labored for liberty tiresome years
Of discouraging poverty, strife, and pain,
In anguish for losses too great for tears,
To achieve a victory free from stain.

Private George L. Butterfield,
161st Infantry.

SONNET

WHERE I shall fall upon my battle-ground
There may I lie, nor carry me away.
What holier hills could in these days be found
Than hills of France to hold a soldier's clay?
Nor need ye place the cross of wooden stuff
Over my head to mark my age and name;
This very ground is monument enough,
'Tis all I wish of show or outward fame.
Deep in the hearts of future countrymen
My fast immortal sepulcher shall be,
Greater than all the tombs of ancient kings.
What matter where my dust shall scatter then?
I shall have served my country oversea,
And loved her—dying with a heart that sings.

Private Ray W. Gauger,
S.S.U. 622,
Convois Automobiles.

MY AMERICA

("To each a task is given.")

AMERICA! my own, my own fair land,
How best may I discharge the debtor's part,
How render best the tribute of a heart
That yields its sovereign will to your command.
Shall I upon the field of battle stand,
Or serve you more with diplomatic art,
Or carry into many a foreign mart
The produce that your toiling brain has planned?
All these denied, there still remains for me
The daily task of serving loyally,
Within my sphere, the common good of all,
For never shall a mighty nation fall,
Whose strength is held secure through fealty
Of every son unto his duty's call!

Paul Wiley Weer,
Base Hospital No. 32.

ONLY A LAD

. . . Only a lad—
Scarcely beyond that age the world calls bad;
With much of mischief in him,
Aye, and truth!
And that magnetic friendliness of youth.
His laughter cheered us on—
Laughter, and boyish prattle
Of days at home shepherding Devon cattle
In backland pastures.

Despite his youth he did not fear the fight;
And in one shell-illumined night,
Without an elder head beside his own to guide
his going,
. . . He, alone . . .
Went searching through this sepulcher of earth
Which soldiers name the Devil's House in
mirth,
To seek a fallen comrade.

Only a little lad—
Scarcely beyond that age the world calls bad.
Yet, with the dawning of another day,
We saw his figure, crouched as if to pray,
Low-bended near his fallen brother's side,
. . . And both . . . had died.

Malcolm Wallace Vaughan,
S.S.U. 517,
Convois Automobiles.

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1917

God of the Pilgrims, hear my prayer.
Thou knowest the single vacant chair
That stands beside a table round
In a home where peace and love are found.
Guide Thou those dear ones far away
On this our great Thanksgiving Day.

To those who fight, O God, be kind,
For they are suffering, flesh and mind,
For things which they believe to be Thy will,
Though to attain them they must kill.
Give to these exiles grace that they
May celebrate Thanksgiving Day.

Private Henry T. Samson,
Battery C,
103d Field Artillery.

LINGERING WINTER

(In the Rear, 1918)

Away, let us into the woods,
  While the spring of the year is tender,
Ere wild March in his sunnier moods
  His enthralled domain surrender
For the cradling of coming broods
  And the molding of winglets slender.

There away, though no violets bloom,
  Nor with velvety sweetness besprinkle
Autumn's sheddings, that litter the tomb
  Still concealed of pent joy—for each wrinkle,
Tempest-wrought, shall be smoothed in the
    gloom,
  When anemones star-like uptwinkle.

By the spines of tree skeletons high,
  The green woodpecker, spirally clinging,

Spurreth upward; and ever his cry,
  Like a laugh, unsuggestive of singing,
Startles upland and somnolent sky—
  "Yaffle, yaffle." Now hark to it ringing!

And the bannerless boughs of the wild,
  Though devoid of spring's bunting supernal,
Yet outstretch to that life-giver mild,
  The glad sun, their discomfort external,
While each desolate core is beguiled
  By light dreams of beatitude vernal,

Of rigidity naked, dissolved
  By the quickening breath of the charmer,
The meek South, from lush haunts new-evolved,
  Exorcising that bane of the farmer—
Blatant Boreas, still unresolved
  To desist, though earth's grace groweth warmer.

Winter lingers, yet lighter his sway;
  His old power of supremacy waneth.

Like a tyrant dethroned by decay,
Of his strength but the specter remaineth,
Scowling forth ere it passeth away
To the doom renovation ordaineth.

Soon each bond shall be loosed and shall fall
From the limbs that have languished in waiting;
Cloud and storm-wrack no more shall appal;
Flood and whirlwind shall cease devastating;
Soon the cuckoo shall utter its call,
And the wren with its love shall go mating.

Joyous presage of ultimate bliss
For the heart long depressed by vain yearning;
Timely token of pardon—the kiss
That reviveth faith's innermost burning:
Peace prevailing o'er war's artifice,
Love over hate, and delight over mourning.

Private William Berthold,
Chief Paymaster's Office,
U. S. Marines.

SPRING COMES TO FRANCE

Gone are the lingering snows; the North Wind has departed;
Wrapped is the wood in mist, the shy flowers peep
Tenderly through the sod, sweet blossoms, virgin-hearted,
Kissing to warm, new life a world asleep.

Whence are the quiet snows from this our earthland banished?
Will they come back again in jeweled dew?
Are these the flowers of old, now flourishing, now vanished,
Born of the April days my boyhood knew?

Answer me, O ye hills! Let me forget the burden
Waiting with twilight, 'neath yon sullen ridge.

Pledge me, ye heaven-lit stars, the Resurrection's guerdon;
Place for my halting feet Faith's golden bridge.

L'ENVOI

Spring comes to France, my girl! May all the springs enfold you
Safe in their magic peace, though by the stream
Naught shall remain but memories, to hold you;
Naught but the ghost of Echo—and a dream.

Private Walter Edmand Mair,
O. C. S. O.,
G. H. Q.

EASTER, 1918

I greet you—

THE bliss for which our spirits pine,
  That bliss we feel shall yet be given,
Somehow, in some far realm divine,
  Some marvelous state we name a heaven.

'Tis not the bliss of languorous hours,
  A glory of calm measured range,
But Life, which feeds our noblest powers
  On wonders of eternal change.

A heaven of action freed from strife,
  With ampler ether for the scope
Of an immeasurable life,
  And an unbaffled, boundless hope.

A heaven wherein all discords cease,
  Self-torment, doubt, distress, turmoil—
The core of whose majestic peace
  Is God-like power of tireless toil.

Toil!—without tumult, strain, or jar,
With grandest reach of range endued—
Unchecked by even the farthest star
That trembles through infinitude!

In which to soar to higher heights
Through widening ethers stretched
Abroad, till in our onward, upward flights,
We touch the feet of God!

Time, swallowed in eternity, no future
Evermore, no past, but one unending
Now, to be a boundless circle, round us cast—
Happy greeting of Easter!

William Corby,
Company A, 16th Infantry.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

Before my brother went to war
He smoked an' chewed an' spit an' swore,
'Til Dad declared he'd tan his hide,
Then skin 'im to git the other side.

What Ma said, too, was 'nuf to fill
A library, but brother Bill
Jes' grinned an' smoked an' chewed an' spit,
As if he didn't keer a bit.

But when the Kaiser got in wrong
With Uncle Sam, Bill went along
With them what went to volunteer—
If he got kilt, Bill didn't keer.

When Bill was gone, things changed a bit—
Without Bill home to smoke an' spit,
Dad set aroun' an' blowed his nose,
An' swore —— —— them forin foes!

An' Ma, o' course, she cried an' cried—
She knowed her boy got killed or died,
When we would wait an' couldn't hear
From Bill, now gone seems 'most a year.

Then came a post—"Somewhere in France—
We'll lick off 'em their gol-darned pants!
An' tell Ma, too, that I got it,
Her Bible an' terbacker-kit."

O. K. Knowlton,
Headquarters Advance Section, L. T. C.

"SOMEWHERE"

It's a sizable place, this Somewhere—
As big as the whole battle zone.
We eat it, we sleep it, we breathe it,
It causes us many a groan.

We left from the port of Somewhere
And we traveled Somewhere on the sea
'Til we landed again at Somewhere,
And it sounds mighty funny to me.

We boarded trains Somewhere for Somewhere,
And we're camping Somewhere for a spell.
It's so that when one mentions Somewhere
We're almost tempted to yell.

There's a Somewhere in France and in England,
And Somewhere else at the front.
It was Somewhere the boys were in battle—
Just Somewhere bearing the brunt.

It's Somewhere the censor is cutting
  Somewhere from the letters we write;
It seems we've been Somewhere forever.
  At its mention we're ready to fight.

At night we no longer have nightmares;
  We dream one continuous trip
From Somewhere back home to Somewhere.
  When we sleep into Somewhere we slip.

Geography's gone to the races,
  The faces of maps all are changed.
Somewhere in Somewhere by Somewhere
  And our minds are completely deranged.

Ye gods! Is the world mad completely?
  Will sanity e'er reign again?
Will we ever get back from Somewhere to
      earth?
  If so, O Lord, tell us when.

Sergeant Earle H. Tostevin,
Headquarters Company,
164th Infantry.

PASSED AS CENSORED

Received your parcel to-day, Mae.
  Gee! but those Meccas was prime!
And ain't you the swell little knitter!
  That sweater come through just in time.
The gum made me think of the movies;
  The candy's the first that I've had
Since that Sunday we walked to the Breakers
  And you thought I thought you was mad.

Well, how's things now at the office?
  Give my regards to the Boss.
And, say, Mae, you needn't worry—
  I haven't written to Floss.
What's happened to Willie Fitzgibbons?
  I hope he ain't seein' you home.
It seems about time he got drafted;
  That guy's got no sense in his dome.

As for me, Mae, I'm working my head off.
They drills us from morning to night.
The officers calls it "intensive,"
And they come pretty near bein' right.
But we're gettin' good eats all the time, Mae,
And the boys are in dandy shape, too.
When they give us a chance at the Kaiser
I'll hand him a wallop for you.

And say, Mae, drop me a line, please.
I'll write you again in a while,
But we haven't got much time for writing
And letters ain't much in my style.
Here's hoping that this finds you well, Mae,
As I am, who love you, you know,
And thank you again for the parcel.
Good night. Taps has started to blow.

2d Lieutenant Harold Amory,
101st Machine Gun Battalion.

GREAT INVENTIONS

THE three great inventions the war has produced
To ease a poor man of his pains,
To keep his morale at one hundred per cent.
Are Pinard, Permish', and Marraines!

When you come from the trenches, cold, hungry, and wet,
Or have driven all night in your car,
There's nothing like putting right under your belt
A quart (more or less) of Pinard!

Sometimes it's sour and sometimes it's sweet;
It varies from purple to jet.
But a large cup or two puts new life into you,
And a *bidon* full makes you forget!

When you've slept in your clothes for a fortnight or more
In a dirty cantonment or shed,
When you've struggled with cooties and totos and bugs,
You know that "permission's" ahead.

When you blush every time that you think of your neck,
Just what keeps you going and keen?
The thought that next day or next week or next month
You'll be rested and mended and clean!

And when on permission what cheers you the most?
Is it cocktails or beer or champagne?
Not at all! It's the girl you've been dreaming about,
Your dear Little Angel Marraine!

She gets all your money and most of your time,
And then sees you off at the train,
With a tear in her eye and a smile on her lips,
And a prayer that you'll come soon again!

And that's why each poilu will swear on his life
That the greatest inventions by far
Evolved in these long years of struggle and strife
Are Marraines, Permish', and Pinard!

Stephen Pell,
S.S.U. 646,
Convois Automobiles.

JUST A LITTLE LETTER NOW AND THEN

When you stop to think and ponder,
As o'er the seas you go
From your home and country yonder,
And the friends you used to know;
Tho' you left them all behind you,
When you stepped out for the flag,
Still you long to hear their voices,
Just to pass the days that drag.

Just a little letter now and then,
Just a little word from Home, Sweet Home,
Just a little message from a friend
Is just a helping hand o'er where we roam.
Just a little bit of consolation,
Just a thought or two of us again,
For a lad who gets no news,
Can soon smile away his blues
By just a little letter now and then.

Have you ever stopped to wonder
  What a letter means at home
When you're tenting on the camp-ground
  In a land that's not your own?
And many hearts are weary,
  And all trials of cheer do fail,
For they're also broken-hearted
  When forgotten in the mail.

Just send a little letter now and then,
  Just send a little message 'cross the seas.
Just send a little note to home and friends,
  Just a word of cheer, their weary hearts to ease.
Just send a little bit of joy and laughter,
  Just scratch away your troubles with your pen.
But before you send to others,
Let them follow after Mother's,
  So send a little letter now and then.

Private Richard V. Brady,
Company E,
11th Railway Engineers.

THE THREE FATES

THREE old women in a row—
Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos—
Weaving out my thread of fate,
Cut it, tear it, soon or late;
Never will I fear to go!
Three old women in a row!

Three old women in a row—
Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos—
Weave it, wind it,
Snarl it, fray it;
Only when you part it may it
Break off cleanly, quickly, so—
Three old women in a row!

Three old women in a row—
Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos—

Cast your dice, you damned old wenches,
Cut me off, among the trenches,
Bury me 'mid battle stenches.
Never will I fear to go!
Three old women in a row.

Private E. D. Finney,
Base Hospital No. 18.

THE HUMMING-BIRDS OF FRANCE

(Dedicated to Reconnaissance Escadrille C:–21, with remembrances.)

I SING to the tune of the greatest adventure,
The world's strangest leap to the heights of romance;
I sing to the glory of deeds unrecorded,
To valorous fights which have gone unrewarded,
To feats in the air which are yet to be lauded—
I sing to the men who are flying for France!

See! Upward he soars with the grace of a swallow,
And onward he dashes to life's biggest chance,
While far in the distance his foe lies in waiting—
A sinister couple like vultures in mating,
Their talons outspread in a frenzy of hating—
The humming-bird flies for the glory of France.

A clash in the clouds where the earth cannot
see them;
One buzzard down, but it's on with the
dance!
And now odds are equal; quite well does he
know it;
Our humming-bird swoops till the buzzard's
below it;
Sure doom in his hands, he has but to throw it,
A flash! And count Two for the honor of
France!

Cadet Basil D. Woon,
U. S. Air Service.

THERE IS A CLOSE

THERE is a close that overlooks the sea,
Wide to the vaulting blue, and very still
Save for the rooks' sad cawing. Here at will
Wanton the errant winds of Normandy.
Within are crosses, rear'd in ebony,
Crying to all who pass that here fulfil
Their destiny those souls time cannot kill,
"Contemptibles" who died so willingly.
And here the other day we laid him down,
Sadly, yet proudly, in his verdant youth.
The first of us, the sealing of the bond.
Sweet be his rest, though fleeting his renown
Among his kinsfolk, warriors all for truth,
Together now through battle and beyond.

Maurice Bourgeois du Marais,
Base Hospital No. 10.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

We weren't here long 'fore we caught on.
Smith was in misery;
Gloom settled thick as mud upon
His physiognomy.

So we began to form a plan
Of methods we could use
To cheer the man and tie a can
To his pernicious blues.

Champagne and cognac we got
And *Mademoiselles très-bon*,
And though we got that guy half-shot,
His awful grouch hung on.

In rage we mentioned chilblained feet;
It only made Smith shrug;
And soon nobody cared to meet
His melancholy mug.

And then one day that boob broke loose
In wild hilarity;
His face was lit with grin obtuse
And joviality.

And wha' d'you think had changed the bum
And made him feel so gay?
Why, nothing but a letter from
South Bethlehem, Pa.

1st Lieutenant Elliott D. Cooke,
43d Company, 5th Regiment,
U. S. Marine Corps.

A TOAST TO THE CHASSEURS

We've seen the Blue Devils in action,
We've seen the Blue Devils at play,
We've seen the Blue Devils go over the top
Happy and cheerful and gay.

We've seen them come out of the trenches
Wounded and bleeding and faint,
With never a cry or a whimper,
Never a word of complaint.

We've carried them down from the *abris*
To hospitals miles in the rear,
Over roads that were shell-torn and rutted,
But never a sigh or a tear.

We've seen their dead after a battle,
With every man's face to the foe,
And our hearts have gone sick within us
That so many comrades must go.

But a curious fancy comes to me,
That a chasseur who dies in a fight
Has a wee bit of heaven that's all of his own,
With gaiety, laughter, and light.

Like the heaven reserved for our red men
(Good hunting and plenty of game),
Where a man who has lived and died like a man
Goes on forever the same.

I am proud of my Spanish War ribbons,
I am proud of my French *fourragère*,
But proudest of all my possessions
Is the little blue *béret* I wear.

So, here's to our Grand Old Division!
Which is "somewhere out there in the snow."
Here's to the —— Chasseurs Alpins!
And here's to our general! Brissaud!

Stephen Pell,
S.S.U. 646,
Convois Automobiles.

THE CHILD'S COMPLAINT

I WISH there'd never been no war,
An' nobody shot an' killed,
An' no men carryin' guns an' swords
Off to th' battle-field.

I like to watch th' uniforms
An' hear th' music play,
An' see th' soldiers marchin' by
An' drillin' ev'ry day.

But I don't like th' way th' guns
Makes fire an' smoke an' noise—
They's not like me an' Freddie has,
'Cause ours is only toys.

But o-oh, th' guns that's in th' war
Shoots men an' kills 'em dead,
An' great big cannons big's a house
Does awful things, Ma said.

I wish there never was no war,
'Cause Papa had to go;
Ma says he's never comin' home—
Th' captain told her so.

An' now she takes us on her knees
An' cries, an' we cry, too;
She says his country needed him,
But I think that ain't true.

'Cause we's th' ones that needs our Pa,
Jes' me an' Ma an' brother,
But now he's never comin' home,
An' we can't get no other.

An' sometimes in th' night I'm scared
An' dream I see th' war,
An' see my Papa shooted down
An' can't come home no more.

Oh, I jes' wish there was no war
For men to shoot each other,
An' nen my Papa he'd be here
With me an' Fred an' Mother.

Private Howard W. Butler,
Office of Division Surgeon,
1st Division.

THE SONG OF THE CENSOR MAN

Oh, I am the man with a mightier pen
Than the chisel the lawgiver knew;
The snip of my shears is more dreaded of men
Than the sword that Napoleon drew.
I foil the young man with a nose for the news,
And stifle the first feeble note
Of the soldier who ventures to air any views
That he never was paid to promote.

Oh, snip-snip-snip is the rhythmic swing
Of my shears in the morning light,
And clip-clip-clip is the raucous ring
Of their voice in the starry night.
I may strike from the calendar all of its dates
And I rob every town of its name,
And rarely a letter but sadly relates
The tale of my terrible fame.

Oh, I know all the secrets that ever were told,
Till every unfortunate prays
That the book of omnipotent knowledge I hold
May be sealed to the end of my days.
On each written syllable, proudly I state,
I pronounce benediction or ban;
For I'm the personification of Fate—
The redoubtable Censor Man.

Sergeant John F. Hall,
Company A, 161st Infantry.

THE CENSOR

He's ridden by perpetual peeve; he has to con the bull
That's passed upon the folks at home, of which each letter's full.
He readeth o'er the lovesick song of swains from damsels parted,
The braggart bold, the witticist, the grouch, the chicken-hearted.
What wonder that he has a peeve and dyes the ether blue?
He reads the lies, the gush, of fools who know not what they do;
The countless boobs who have no sense and tell 'most all they know.
Their letters raise his righteous ire and cause him hours of woe.

He tortures oft his fevered brain, deciphering
fool effusions,
The slobbering wail of homesick guys, out-
pouring their delusions.

There are some wondrous liars in the tough
old Q. M. C.
Who'd make old Ananias weep great tears of
jealousy.
They've never seen a front-line trench nor
heard the sound of guns,
Yet write of woes and dangers borne, of battle
with the Huns.
They'd make one think the boys in France
could find relief in hell
From gas and bombs, from night attacks, from
shrapnel and from shell.
The home folks shudder as they think of us
knee-deep in gore.
There are some wondrous liars in the tough
old Q. M. corps!

We hotly cuss the censor when he starts to raising hob,
And wears out countless pencils in the Herculean job
Of cutting down the rawest parts and smoothing out the tale
To leave no dope for spies and such in all the home-bound mail:
It's bound to raise our dander when our thrilling lies are spoiled,
But we somehow have a feeling when we think of how he's toiled,
And how he has to wreck his brain with all this worthless guff,
That we'd better lay off cussing him: he catches h—— enough!

Sergeant Ralph J. Hutchinson,
Q. M. Corps.

THE RAID

Above in the still and startled sky
The full moon smiles serene,
When a sound we hear that all men fear,
The pulse of the bomb-machine.

The Hun rides on his raid to-night,
Death runs wild and free,
And Terror wakes and cold Fear shakes
The hearts of the soldiery.

Silent, ghostly cottages
Huddle beneath the skies,
And the frantic glare of rockets there
Glows fitfully and dies.

Silent are the moonlit streets;
Men seek the shadows there;
The awful breath of winnowing death
Is pulsing through the air.

Great God! to feel the helplessness
And the shame of a naked fear!
To sit and wait in impotent hate
As the hawk of hell draws near!

It's like a thing without a name,
A monster in a dream!
And when it comes the motor hums
Like a lost soul's distant scream.

Suddenly the whirring stops
And thin, high whistles sound.
There's a final crash, a blinding flash,
And then silence all around.

Flying Cadet Donald S. White,
Aviation Section.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Some streets that are crooked, and houses of stone,
A very small room that the peasants call home,
A cow in the stable and *soldats* above,
With many war weapons you've often heard of;
Some little old women with great shoes of wood,
Old men who would go to the front if they could,
Tame geese on the highway in columns of file,
The dirt in the gutter all scraped in a pile;

Some girls who will give you a smile when you're blue,
A town hall, a square, and a large fountain, too,

A brook running by with its water so clear,
That comes from the hill situated right near;
Some trees, an old church with its bells in the tower,
Which ring out for those who desire the hour,
A very small boy with a patch on his pants,
Is my first impression of "Somewhere in France."

Lieutenant Stuart Cutler,
23d U. S. Infantry.

THE PHILOSOPHER

As children gatner near their father's chair
To hear a story that he has to tell,
Or learn the rules of some unheard-of game,
Intent on every word and catching all,
A group of students in philosophy
Had their Lyceum round their master's stool.
The topic for the day was "Life and Man,"
And, to express their laws, he thus began:

"There was a time when many people thought
The individual could claim some rights,
That justice was a thing for every soul,
And that the soul possessed unmeasured worth.
There is a trace of such stupidity
Even to-day, except with those who have
Been cultured and refined. Those vicious days
So narrow in their scope are happily
Gone by; and now remain the sweeping breadth
And dominating power of the will."

One of the group:
"That is to say . . ."

The Master:
"There is no such thing as humanity.
Go out to-morrow to another country.
Resolve to conquer it. You need no real excuse.
Call it enemy to incite your hate. And begin
To plunder it. I should commend you for this.
Hide in the caverns of the sea, and from
Your closets send out piercing rockets
To tear and wreck a harmless ship. You need
Not take the trouble to warn it, and if the men,
Women, and children perish, they perish.
They will not die before their time.
I should give you a souvenir for this."

Another of the group:
"But . . ."

The Master:
"Cut off the hands of children, and if
You do not have time for both,
Sever the right one.
Destroy churches and villages."

A THIRD OF THE GROUP:
"And if . . ."

THE MASTER:
"If you do this, I shall call you philosophers.
Fly in the air to unventured heights,
From which
Drop
Deadly
Bombs
On hospitals, babies,
Civilians, no matter what.
If you do all of these things
With nothing but the sense of hate, I shall
call you
Noble men.
To-morrow we shall treat it in a fuller way,
I have been interrupted far too much to-day."

John Langdon Jones,
American Red Cross.

MOTHER

Had I the power of music fine,
I could not sing a praise of thine.
Who could sing of love divine?

Had I the power of finest art,
I could not paint thee e'en in part.
Who could paint your loving heart?

Had I the power of poets, too,
I could not write a song of you.
Who could praise your soul so true?

Had I the power of all these three,
To blend in language magically,
I could not tell my thoughts of thee.

Phil H. Lewis,
Base Hospital 27.

FATHER'S SON

I DON'T know what they'll put him at nor what
his post may be,
I cannot guess the task that waits for him
"over here."
But I have known him through the years,
and when there's work to do
I know he'll meet his duty well; I'll swear
that he'll be true.

I sometimes fear that he may die, but never
that he'll shirk;
If death shall want him, death must go and
take him at his work.
This splendid sacrifice he makes is filled with
terrors grim,
And I have many thoughts of fear, but not
one fear of him.

The foe may rob my life of joy, the foe may take my all,
And desolate my days shall be if he shall have to fall.
But this I know, whate'er may be the grief that I must face,
Upon his record there will be no blemish or disgrace.

His days have all been splendid days; there lies no broken trust
Along the pathway of his youth to molder in the dust.
Honor and truth have marked his ways; in him I can be glad.
He is as fine and true a son as ever father had.

Adjutant-General William Miller,
Tank Corps.

WAR

Shot,
Shell,
Horror and hell.

Hunger,
Thirst,
War at its worst.

Cry,
Sigh,
Millions must die.

Sway,
Slay,
Death clears the way.

Tear,
Rend,
When shall it end?

A. S. Trude, Jr.,
S.S.U. 632,
Convois Automobiles.

THE SUN IS SHINING

Oh, the sun is shining and the clouds are sailing away!
The air is full of springtime and the soldier's heart is gay;
The mud is all forgotten, wet feet and soaking rain,
For it's heigh ho! and let's go—the sun is out again.

There's a dreary, weary background when the air is thick and damp,
When the sky is gray and heavy and a fellow's spirits cramp
Underneath his dripping slicker, and his thoughts are sour and blue;
But the world takes on new colors when the sun is shining through.

For the drill is brisk and snappy and maneuvers are good fun,
When the ground is dry and warm-like, underneath the shining sun.
Never mind that we had grumbled when the yesterday was gray;
There's a gladness in the atmosphere—the sun is out to-day.

Sergeant Melvin Ryder,
War Risk Insurance Department.

INTROSPECTION

Nor sated greed, nor balm to restive pride,
Nor boundless sway o'er earthly empires vast,
E'er stilled the beckoning finger of the past,
Or stirred the vacancies of those who died.

Ne'er war but its initial impulse found
In some unholy motive, subtly plied;
Ne'er one but when its fever-fury died
Behind it left the greater, keener wound.

A wistful world, sore-stricken, waits the word;
Our mighty hosts, assembled, wait the call;
Forward, and may the blood of those who fall
Forever blot the specter of the sword!

Clifford B. Crescent,
469th Aero Squadron.

A VOLUNTEER

WHEN war was declared on Germany and they
started our fellows for France,
I was rarin' to go with the others, like the
rest to take a chance,
So I joined the regular army, though some
folks thought it queer
That I didn't wait to be drafted, that I wanted
to volunteer.

I didn't get any banquet, I didn't hear any
band,
I went by myself to the office and there I held
up my hand.
The folks didn't turn out to see me go and
nobody cried or cheered,
For I didn't wait to be drafted, I only volun-
teered.

I joined the regular army with the regular army men;
If I had it to do over I'd do the same again.
The reserves were all made sergeants. They do the same work as me,
But they get fifty dollars a month, while I get thirty-three.

But when this war is over and I get back home again,
Even though I'm only a private, I won't need to be ashamed,
For I'll know that I have done my bit without a band or cheers,
And I didn't wait to be drafted, I am one of the volunteers.

Private S. D. Regan,
Motor Truck Company, No. 1,
Quartermaster Corps.

I WANT TO GO HOME

I WANT to go home, wailed the private,
The corporal and sergeant the same.
I'm sick of the camp and the drilling,
The grub and the rest of the game.
I'm willing to do all the fighting
They give me in any old way;
But my girl's all alone,
And I want to go home,
And I want to go home to-day.

I've drilled till my back was breaking,
Till near crazed for the sake of a drink,
And rode till my bones was cracking,
And hadn't the gumption to think.
I've done my whole share of policing and guard,
And now I'm tired of my lay;
For my girl's all alone,
And I want to go home,
And I want to go home to-day.

Do they need us a-dying in bunches?
  They say it's the water and such;
We think more likely we're homesick,
  But the life of a private ain't much.
They know we can fight if we have to,
And they won't have to show us the way;
  But my girl's all alone,
  And I want to go home,
And I want to go home to-day.

Private Charles B. Bishop,
Battery C,
102d Regiment,
Field Artillery.

THE TRANSPORT

First a little cabbage and then a little beef,
Then a little goulash to bring your guts to grief,
A little cup of coffee that's mostly all belief,
A little hunk of white bread without a bit of grease.

They call you out at four bells to mess about a bit.
You dash up to the old deck to get you back your wit.
They chase you round the deck-house to give you exercise,
Then you find, despite your mind, the deck just doesn't fit.

Sergeant Norman Hubbard,
S.S.U. 585,
Convois Automobiles.

JUST MUD

You've heard of the curse of an aching heart,
Of the curse of a man in pain;
But the curse of the war and the men at the front
Is the mud—thick mud—and the rain!

The sun peeps once, then the floods come down
For days and days in a row;
Then the mud appears in a thick brown ooze,
And you wallow wherever you go.

It's mud—just mud—a-sticking and a-clinging to all;
Yes, mud—just mud—it comes when the rain starts to fall.

Oh, it's hell for the soldier and worse for
the truck;
The whole army wades to its knees in the
muck.
The cannons and wagons and men all get
stuck
In the mud—that's all!

When the soldiers are pushing a gun to the
front
'Midst the shriek and the hail of the steel,
And the rain starts in and the road drops out,
Just imagine the way that they feel!

It's death to remain in the shell-ridden place,
But it's death if they don't do their share.
So they lie in the mud, and they pull and they
tug,
For the gun is the burden they bear.

For it's mud—just mud—a-sticking and a-
clinging to all;
Yes, mud—just mud—it comes when the rain
starts to fall.

Oh, it's hell for the soldier and worse for the truck,
The whole army wades to its knees in the muck.
The cannons and wagons and men all get stuck.
It's the mud—that's all!

Sergeant Raymond M. Young,
American Mission,
Motor Transport,
Reserve Mallet.

AN IRISHMAN IN THE Q. M. CORPS

I've been to old Fort Thomas,
'Mid the scenery filled with mud,
And I've tramped the plains in Texas
Where the scorpions chew their cud.
The sights I've seen are queer, I ween,
But stranger than those of yore,
Now comes to hand—an Irishman
Found in the Q. M. Corps!

Oh, we went through bloomin' H'england,
And we saw old London town;
And we saw much wine at Bordeaux,
Where the railways bring it down.
This made me gap all o'er my map,
But, as I said before,
The strangest sight's an Irishite
Found in the Q. M. Corps!

Oh, old Reuilly's bugs were millions,
  At Nevers big fleas did bite,
And I was struck with wonder
  At their action in the night;
But as I'd dig, or, like a pig,
  Scratch hard against the door—
My thoughts they ran—"An Irishman!
  Found in the Q. M. Corps!"

Oh, letters came from home one day,
  Chuck full of life and thrill:
"Go over the top, and give 'em hell!"
  Said they, of Kaiser Bill.
The Irishman read, and shook his head,
  Says he, "Oh, damn! Oi'm sore.
Oi sure was drunk or full of punk
  When Oi joined the Q. M. Corps!"

"Begobs! how Oi long fer a bloomin' fight
  With thim Dutchmen full av cheese,
Instead of filling an office here
  Full of card-files, chairs, and breeze.

Me folks at home, they think Oi roam,
And charge with the cannons' roar.
Instead I sit, while the hours flit,
And work for the Q. M. Corps!"

So this Irishman pined away and died,
And Charon took him below,
And he turned him over to Satan there,
Where the embers gleam and glow.
But the Devil looked, and his fingers crooked,
And he freed him through the door;
Says he, "You're tough, but you've had enough;
You worked for the Q. M. Corps!"

Private Clelland J. Ball,
Quartermaster Corps.

TO THE RECRUITIN' SERGEANT

"Oh, this army life's the candy for the guy
that wants it soft,
And the uniforms is free and so's the
eats.
Just sign your name right here, please. We'll
take you 'round the earth.
For the wise ones, it's the life that can't be
beat."

But! Did you ever cross the "briny" in a
transport?
Was you among the guys that went to
France?
Did you ever sleep belowdecks when the
"subs" was all around
And your life-belt was your one and only
chance?

Did you ever go a-tourin' in a third-class
English train,
With the girls a-wavin' howdy from the
street,
And land somewhere at midnight with your
legs all tied in knots,
And have to march three miles before you eat?

Did you ever come a-crawlin' from a leaky,
soakin' tent,
When the sergeant called sometime before
the dawn,
And help to guy a mess-tent that was blowin'
all to smash,
And all your next day's rations soaked and
gone?

Did you ever cross the Channel in an antique
side-wheel tub,
And freeze all night upon a heavin' deck,
And land "Somewhere in France" next day
unshaven and unshorn,
And the old high-water mark around your
neck?

Did you ever spend a fortnight in an alleged
restin'-camp,
And listen to a thousand tales or more,
About the Somme and Vimy Ridge, the Marne,
and other scraps,
And wonder why in hell you came to war?

Did you ever ride a "rattler" on the old
Chemin de Fer
In a car marked "Eight Chevaux or Forty
Hommes,"
And finally hit the trenches with your guts
up in your throat,
When you heard the Lewis barkin' and the
bombs?

Did you ever see the star-shells flamin' ghastly
in the sky?
Did the shrapnel ever dent your tin chapeau?
Did you ever pass your canteen just to help
your "buddy" die,
When the gas come down and caught the
"Blighter" slow?

"Oh, this army life's the candy for the guy
that wants it soft,
And the uniforms is free and so's the eats.
Just sign your name right here, please. We'll
take you 'round the earth.
For the wise ones, it's the life that can't be
beat."

Sergeant George C. Dawson,
Company A,
19th Railway Engineers.

THE DUGOUT

Sittin' here in me dugout,
  Thinkin' thoughts that are blue,
Hatin' the war with a bitter hate
  And wishin' it all was through;
Sittin' here in me dugout
  As glum as a pot o' glue.

Sittin' here in me dugout,
  Waitin' me turn to snipe,
Waitin' to pot a careless Hun
  Whose time to die is ripe;
Sittin' here in me dugout
  As cold as a water-pipe.

Sittin' here in me dugout,
  Hearin' the water drip,
Hearin' the shells with their rotten hum,
  Hearin' the sand-bags rip;

Sittin' here in me dugout
  Like a rat in the hold of a ship.

Sittin' here in me dugout
  With no feelin' in me feet,
Wantin' for somethin' to munch upon,
  Somethin' sour to eat,
Somethin' to make me palate jump,
  Somethin' what's full o' heat.

Sittin' here in me dugout,
  Could I only forget me fright,
Forget the crumps that get me goat
  And get a chance to fight,
Not a-squattin' in a dugout,
  But doin' the blamed thing right.

Sittin' here in me dugout,
  Feelin' me courage go,
Feelin' the cold soak into me bones,
  The hours go so slow;
Sittin' here in me dugout
  For what? I'd like to know.

Sittin' here in a dugout
Ain't inclined to make you gay,
But I didn't come over for no pink tea
And I guess I'm havin' me way,
Sittin' here in me dugout,
Waitin' for break o' day.

Lieutenant William Bradford,
Statistical Division,
Adjutant-General's Department.

THE BOYS WHO LIVE IN THE GROUND

Some sing the glory of the war,
  Of the heroes who die in the fight,
Of the shock of battle, the roar of guns,
  When armies clash by night.

Some mourn the savagery of war,
  The shame and the waste of it all,
And they pity the sinfulness of men
  Who heard not the Master's call.

They may be right and they may be wrong,
  But what I'm going to sing
Is not the glory nor sin of war,
  But the weariness of the thing.

For most of the time there's nothing to do
  But to sit and think of the past,
And one day comes and slowly dies
  Exactly like the last.

It's the waiting that's seldom talked about;
  Oh, it's very rarely told
That most of the bravery at the front
  Is just waiting in the cold.

It is not the dread of the shrapnel's whine
  That sickens a fighting soul,
But the beast in us comes out sometimes
  When we're waiting in a hole.

Just sitting and waiting and thinking,
  As the dreary days go by,
Takes a different kind of courage
  From marching out to die.

And I often think when the thing is done,
  And the praises are all passed around,
If, with all their words, they'll say enough
  For the boys who lived in the ground.

Flying Cadet Donald S. White,
Aviation Section.

OUR HITCH IN HELL

I'm sitting here and thinking of the things I left behind,
And I hate to put on paper what is running through my mind.
We've dug a million trenches and cleared ten miles of ground,
And a meaner place this side of hell I know it can't be found.
But there's still one consolation—gather closely while I tell—
When we die we're bound for heaven, for we've done our hitch in hell.

We've built a hundred kitchens for the cook to stew our beans;
We've stood a hundred guard-mounts and cleared the camp latrines;

We've washed a million mess-kits and peeled
a million spuds;
We've strapped a million blanket-rolls and
washed a million duds.
The number of parades we've made is very
hard to tell,
But we'll not parade in heaven, for we've
done our hitch in hell.

We've killed a million cooties that tried to
take our cots,
And shaken all the icicles from out our army
socks;
We've marched a hundred thousand miles and
made a thousand camps;
We've sat up many a cold night sewing but-
tons on our pants.
But when our work on earth is done our friends
behind will tell,
"When they died they went to heaven, for
they'd done their hitch in hell."

When the final taps are sounded, and we lay
aside our cares,
And we do the very last parade right up the
golden stairs,
And the angels bid us welcome, and the harps
begin to play,
"Peace on earth, good-will toward men,"
you'll hear us loudly say.
It is then we'll hear St. Peter tell us loudly
with a yell,
"Just take a front seat, mister, for you've
done your hitch in hell."

1st Class Private William Childs,
Machine Gun Company,
104th Infantry.

CHEER UP

In every mile of the trenches,
From Switzerland up to the sea,
We're getting the Boche's measure
(He knows it as well as we);
We're learning to play the Boche's game,
And play it better than he!
So cheer up, "Back There."

English, Scotch, and Irish,
Frenchmen, and Portuguese,
Yanks, Canucks, and Welshmen,
Anzacs, and Tonkinese,
Belgians, Sikhs, and Arabs,
Men from the Seven Seas,
Are at it "Out Here."

Don't think that the job is easy
To freeze in a trench all night,
To starve in a German prison,
To fall from a two-mile height,

To lose a leg or part of your face
In a long-range, big-gun fight.
But—all's well "Out Here."

And, God! How you long for your woman
(Good or bad, it's all the same)!
The smell of her hair, the feel of her arms,
To hear her whisper your name!
Chasing lice with a pidgeon lamp,
Is *our* principal indoor game.
You bathe "Back There."

What of the fellows we've buried
In mud that was up to the knee?
What of the children and babes at the breast
Who've died in the open sea?
What of the thousands of cripples
And those who will never see?
We remember "Out Here."

And think of the women and tender girls
Who've felt the feel of the Beast,
Whose bodies were tainted forever
When the Carrion met for the feast.

Give heed to their cry for vengeance!
Give heed to their cry at least!
Remember them, "Back There."

Is our work to be all for nothing?
Our sacrifice all in vain?
Shall they swindle the world with a Prussian peace?
Can a treaty remove the stain
Of rape and robbery, murder and lies,
'Til they're ready to start again?
Must our children come "Out Here"?

This is no time for parley,
For he knows as well as we
That in every mile of the trenches,
From Switzerland up to the sea,
We've learned to play the Boche's game,
And play it better than he!
So, CHEER UP "BACK THERE"!

Stephen Pell,
S.S.U. 646,
Convois Automobiles.

RED TAPE R.I.P.

(With apologies to the author of "H.M.S. *Pinafore.*")

SETTING.—*Rear of mess hall at barracks of Company J.* Mess Sergeant *is giving the kitchen police a growl for not properly peeling spuds. A* Field Clerk *drops in for late breakfast, reading aloud a newspaper head-line, "Goethals Slashes Red Tape." The* Top Sergeant *is present for a feed that isn't entered on the company ration return.*

MESS SERGEANT *sings:*

Never mind the why and wherefore.
You know dam' well what you're there for.
If your chow ain't quite like Astor's
  Blame the tape of carmine hue;
Go and cuss the quartermasters
  Who have handed it to you.

Chorus by K.P.'s:

Tinkle, cans of cold tin Willie;
  Jingle, jars of jellied grape;
Goethals wires thro' Piccadilly
  That he's slashing all red tape.

Field Clerk:

Never mind the why and wherefore.
Bullets level ranks and, therefore,
Though your issued clothes don't fit you
  As do mine the tailor made,
Though the "cooties" may have bit you
  Where a "Sawbones" should have sprayed.

Chorus by K.P.'s:

Mess kits tintinabulating,
  Blades and scabbards coyly clink,
Guys with "cushy" jobs berating
  Him who cuts the strings of pink.

Top Cutter:

Never mind the why and wherefore,
It will soon be over, therefore,

When you're hauled before courts-martial
Click your heels and grin—don't peeve,
Though judge-advocates impartial
Rip the chevrons from your sleeve.

Chorus:

O'er the top with bells. We're ready
On Berlin to hang the crêpe.
May his knife be sharp and steady
When G. W. snips the tape!

Sergeant Stuart A. Carroll,
Q. M. C.

TWISTED SHAPES

Walking down the line, one day
(Twice-a-week inspection),
Met a chap who 'peared to be
Acme of perfection;
Great, broad shoulders held with grace,
Well-shaped head and clean-cut face.

Here's the man for me, I said.
When it comes to danger
He'll quit himself like Roman gods.
Asked about the stranger.
Seems that he was just transferred
When this incident occurred.

Spoke with him myself, and he
Answered quick and ready.
Saw his eyes were clear and blue,
Looked into mine so steady.

Took his name and marked him down
As a man who'd gain renown.

Standing up along o' him,
  Half a shoulder shorter,
Was a sneakish-looking thing,
  Mess o' milk and water;
All slumped down and huddled there
Like a lapdog in a chair.

Half a smile of pity, and
  Half one of derision
Curled my lips, and in my mind
  Formed a quick decision:
"Here was one a coward knave
Fit for nothing but the grave."

Saw the first a month from then
  With the chain-gang walking;
Stepped into the guard-house and
  Got the sergeant talking;
Found the man was nothing but
A sneaking, low-down, worthless mutt.

Saw the other later on,
  Still as hunched as ever.
Twigs that start all out of shape
  Straighten never, never.
Yet upon his breast he wore
A hero's medal won in war.

Thus it is that Nature works—
  Never in the open;
Things like this keep parents of
  Twisted bodies hopin'.
Gold upon the surface may
Show but brass when scraped away.

Corporal Richard C. Colburn,
Field Artillery, 2d Battery,
Replacement Regiment,
41st Division.

LINES IN EXILE

Night, and the drowsy village sleeps;
The Angelus's hallowed call
Has died on the breath of the wayward breeze;
The sheltering shadows fall.

There come to me out of the whispering night
Ghosts that the night winds know;
And one is the ghost of a love that lies
With the lilies of long ago.

I have fled so far, yet the weary miles
Lend their lonely length in vain;
The stars look down, the night wind sighs,
And my ghosts have found me again.

Come in, dead love, from the homeless night,
And sit by my billet fire;
My comrades will praise the freshening breeze
That the troubled sparks leap higher.

Walk with me still through the joyless days,
  Whisper of hours that are gone;
Follow me far through the battle's maze—
  Till at last you shall walk—alone.

Sergeant John Fletcher Hall,
Company A, 161st Infantry.

WOULD I?

Was once a time that I remember,
Not so long ago,
When I wore stuff I had to buy
Myself with hard-earned dough;
When off to work I went each day
An' hung upon a strap,
An' tried to save a cent o' pay;
I found it was no snap.

Now I 'ain't got no rent to pay,
Nor have I gotta worry;
No dates to bother me next week,
'Cept horses that I curry.
An' I've got shirts what's gave to me,
An' socks an' things an' suits,
An' shoes an' gloves an' overcoats,
An' blankets, grub, an' boots.

I eat my three square meals each day,
An' them's gave to me free,
An' I can get a full night's sleep
From taps to revelee.

An' every month my pay comes through,
More now than thirty per,
An' I get cheap insurance, too,
To take good care o' her.
I'm sure in luck, for things is swell,
An' I know I've got it good.
But—would I go back where I was?
YOU BETCHER LIFE I WOULD!

Private Irving Shaffner,
Headquarters Company,
149th Field Artillery.

APRÈS LA GUERRE

When I get back to Gotham, as in God's
good time I may,
I'll feel just like a foreigner new come to
Ellis Isle;
I'll try to tell myself that it's the same old
U. S. A.,
But I'll know it's something different all
the while.
The bars will all be dry in that sad old by and
by,
And petticoated barbers will be lathering
our chins;
I'll soon get used to that, but I won't know
where I'm at
When I feel civilian trousers legs a-flapping
'round my shins.

When once again I lie in bed—please note
that I say bed,
Not meaning six or seven slats and half a
bale of straw—
I'll sleep until the cows come home, a pillow
'neath my head,
And perhaps my vertebræ won't be so
raw.
The bugle's early blast will be something of
the past,
I can take a half an hour just to manicure
my face;
But I'll spend a half a day in an absent-minded
way
A-looking for the leggings that should hold
my pants in place.

'Twill all be just like heaven—a necktie on my
chest,
No buttons on my pockets and a shirt that's
not O.D.,
Some underwear that fits me, a collar and a
vest,

And not a stitch of old Equipment C.
It 'll take a day or so to get used to it, I know,
But I'm doubtful if I'll ever be entirely at my ease
When a zephyr in its pranks circumnavigates my shanks
And starts a little game of tag 'round my unlimbered knees.

Private John T. Winterich,
Headquarters Detachment,
Air Service, Z. of A.

THE AMERICAN ADVANCE

THE Eagle's bared his talons and has soared
across the tide,
Shrilling forth in high defiance to the Prussian
and his pride,
And the Eagle's legions gather—gather in the
land of France,
For the hand of fate has signaled an American
advance!

There's a sound—a rising murmur—hark! it
swells into a roar—
'Tis a mighty nation wakened into action—
into war;
Night and day the sound grows stronger, and
the work fires gleam and dance,
For the country of the Eagle backs the Amer-
ican advance.

By the millions lads are marching—by the millions they will come.
Lo! the strains of peace are silenced by the roll of martial drum.
Leaps again the flame that smoldered deep within the people's soul,
And for Freedom that's endangered heroes pay a hero's toll.

Scornful sits the haughty war lord in a kingdom of the dead,
And with ears stopped by his ego, hears not yonder ominous tread.
Coldly on a suffering nation he has turned a murderer's glance.
God in heaven, speed the soldiers in the American advance!

Like the whirlwind and the fire sweeping o'er some doomèd town,
May they sweep o'er hellish forces—courage crushing "kultur" down.

Let none idly stand indifferent, eying them
with looks askance,
For the gods themselves are longing for the
American advance.

In the name of all that's holy, in the nobleness
of right,
They will charge, these Western vikings,
toward the Forces of the Night,
And eternal laws will hold them, dauntless
through all battle shock,
For their fight is based on mercy, which is an
eternal rock.

O ye boys of hopes and ideals! O ye modern
minute-men!
Ne'er before has such call sounded in the ages
of our ken.
Well ye've answered, grim preparing, leaving
nothing unto chance.
Now in rightness and in justice—oh, Amer-
icans—ADVANCE!

Private Clelland J. Ball,
Quartermaster Corps.

A PRAYER FROM THE RANKS

SILENT, the snowy mountain-tops
  Keep watch through the starlit night;
Safe in her valley the village sleeps,
  Wrapped in her mantle of white.
Can this be France, of the cannon's roar
  And the shell-torn battle-fields—
France of a thousand thousand graves
  And war's grim harvest yield?

In the gently swaying treetop there
  A withered leaf still clings;
And, venturous harbinger of spring,
  A lone little song-bird swings.
Yet why are the young men seen no more,
  And why do the women wear black?
Ask of that distant, muttering roar
  Which the hillsides echo back.

Maker of Earth! Can Thy children be blamed
If they fling up their question to Thee,
When the husbandman sleeps 'neath the soil he should till,
Why such things as these things must be?
Yet, lo! we have come a long, weary way
To slay with the sword and be slain,
Men's feet to restore to the pathways of peace,
Though *we* never tread them again.

Grant us this prayer: That the toll that we pay
May not have been levied in vain;
That when it is sheathed the sword of the world
May never see sunlight again.
When the roses shall climb o'er the crumbling trench
And the guns are all silenced in rust,
May War find a grave where no hand shall disturb,
Through the ages, his moldering dust!

John Fletcher Hall,
Sergeant Company A,
161st Infantry.

THE DEAD OF FRANCE

The great North hills of France, where flamed of yore
Her valorous sons with ready blood to shed,
Are now the ashes of three years or more
And tomb-grown cities of her living dead.
The sons went first, but close upon them trod
Their fathers to avenge the weak oppressed.
These fell together in the arms of God
With freedom for the world and France possessed.
How oft hereafter, when the spring shall blow
Her flowered winds o'er these sepulchral hills
And kiss the velvet grasses that will grow
From out the sod o'er these victorious wills.
Though stoic once—may France then stoop to shed
Her heart in tears upon her valorous dead.

Private Raymond Gauger,
S.S.U. 622,
Convois Automobiles.

VINTAGE

THEN

'Tis wine-time in Picardy;
The cluster bursts and drips.
  Oh, pluck it ere the sun's caress
  And earth's sweet thirst deny the press
And rob our lips.

'Tis wine-time in Picardy;
The hamlet rings with mirth.
  The casks are drunken with their hold;
  The casks are cooling in the mold
Of burrowed earth.

'Tis wine-time in Picardy;
And lips are purple-wet.
  What white-gleamed challenges they pass
  Across the crimson-glittered glass,
And eyes are met.

'Tis wine-time in Picardy;
The vines are torn awry.
  The straggling fronds have crept around
  A solitary, sodden mound,
To brown and die.

'Tis wine-time in Picardy,
And homes are razed or wrecked.
  The poppies breathe their drowsy breath
  In gardens of decay and death
And long neglect.

'Tis wine-time in Picardy,
But with abundant yield;
  For wine that comes not from the press,
  That earth may drink and we may bless,
Flows on the field.

Bugler Hubert W. Kelley,
Company D,
12th Railway Engineers.

PEACE, AND WHEN?

Oh, where is Peace, that is truth and love,
Not chance or mortal—is it only above
Where we're taught to expect a heaven may be,
And not in my brother's love for me?

Oh, why is War, like a dread disease,
Allowed to be and empowered to seize
Its prey from those who have known not wrongs
But have filled their lives with the lover's songs?

The songs of the lover of ultimate right,
Of truth without blemish, success without might,
Building future on brotherhood, never on graves
Of misguided, mob-driven parcels of slaves.

Let's have done with the rubbish of age-
mellowed lies,
These bromidic platitudes for which mankind
dies;
That bound'ries be moved or that leaders
gain fame,
Making ruins out of hatred, destruction, and
shame.

Oh, when shall we waken, when see with what
craze
The world has been hidden from Heaven's
own gaze?
Let us fight for the ending of war and that
peace
May bring with its coming the wide world's
release.

Sergeant Melvin Ryder,
War Risk Insurance Detachment.

PROMISE

Fair hills of France,
For months I've seen you drenched in dismal
rain,
The dead leaves fall from dripping trees,
The autumns pass again;
And then the winters with the winds that
freeze
And choke the gurgling streams with ice,
Fall on the land and grip as in a vise
All living things.
But now the sun
Once more sheds forth its welcome ray,
The snow-clad hills, reflected with crystals
bright,
Add brilliance to a brilliant day
And recreate the tingling air with light.
I breathe heart-deep and feel the spell
Of new-found life and sense the smell

Of spring.
Ah, days like this!
When all the land of France is bathed in sun,
When pine-trees sparkle in the golden air
And raise their snow-freed branches, one by one;
Such days as this bring promise full and fair
Of peace for all the world to come,
Of reunited friends and happy home
For all mankind.

Lieutenant W. Bradford,
Headquarters Army Artillery,
1st Army.

THE END

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WITHDRAWN

DEMCO